DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS

PIRATES

WITH COLOUR POSTER

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PIRATES

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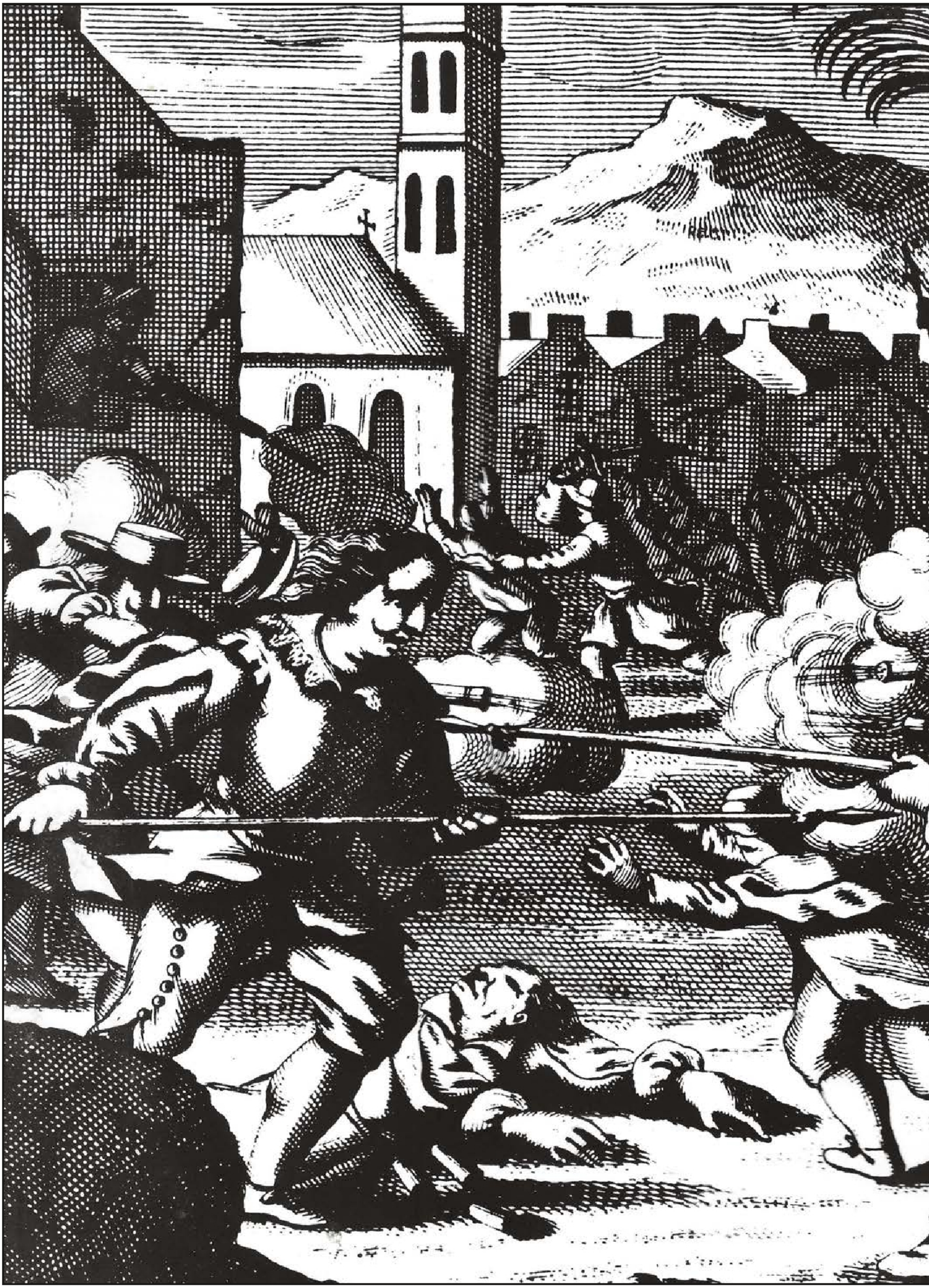

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INTRODUCTION

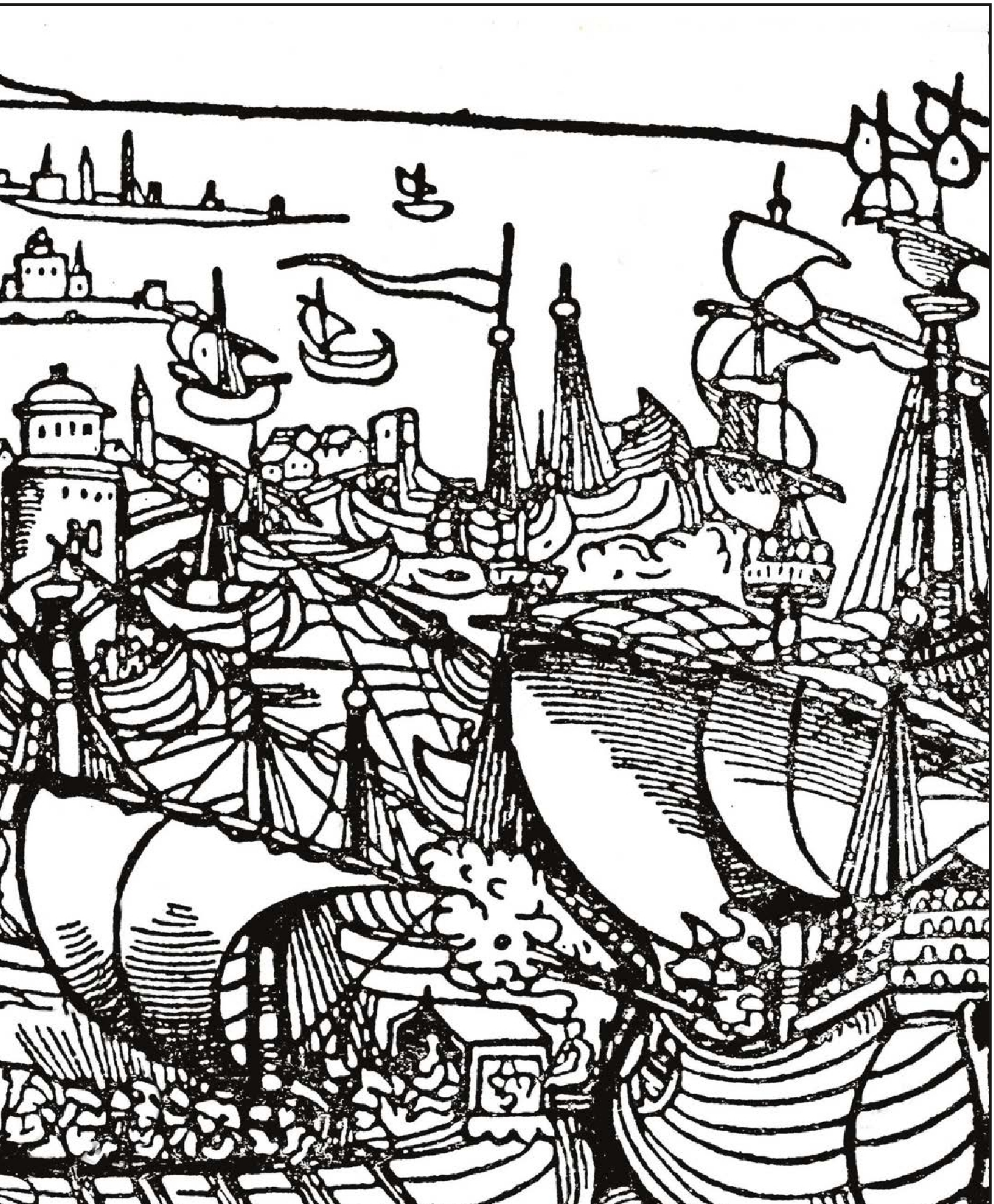
Throughout history the high seas have been places of danger and adventure. So when Doctor Who found himself afloat in the Tardis in the Mediterranean of Roman times it was not surprising that he should witness an act of piracy.

In this instance, however, the victim was none other than the great Julius Caesar himself.

This incident aroused the Doctor's interest in the subject of pirates, and off he went through time to trace the history of these buccaneers.

From the Barbary Corsairs, who pillaged the Christian galleys sailing to the crusades in the 16th century to Captain Morgan and the infamous William Kidd, the Doctor learns about the rogues who looted cargoes and whose names were feared by all who sailed the seas.

Now you can follow the Doctor's adventures as the Tardis skips through the centuries on a very special sea-going mission!



The Tardis shuddered uncomfortably, pitching Doctor Who forwards onto the control panel. It came to an abrupt stop and seemed to sway and bob gently. "Now," mused the Doctor. "I wonder in which place and time zone I've landed?"

He was puzzled by the Tardis's curious motion and found it difficult to walk to the door in a straight line as the floor seemed to roll under his feet. As soon as the door opened he understood the reason: the Tardis was floating in the middle of a calm sea.

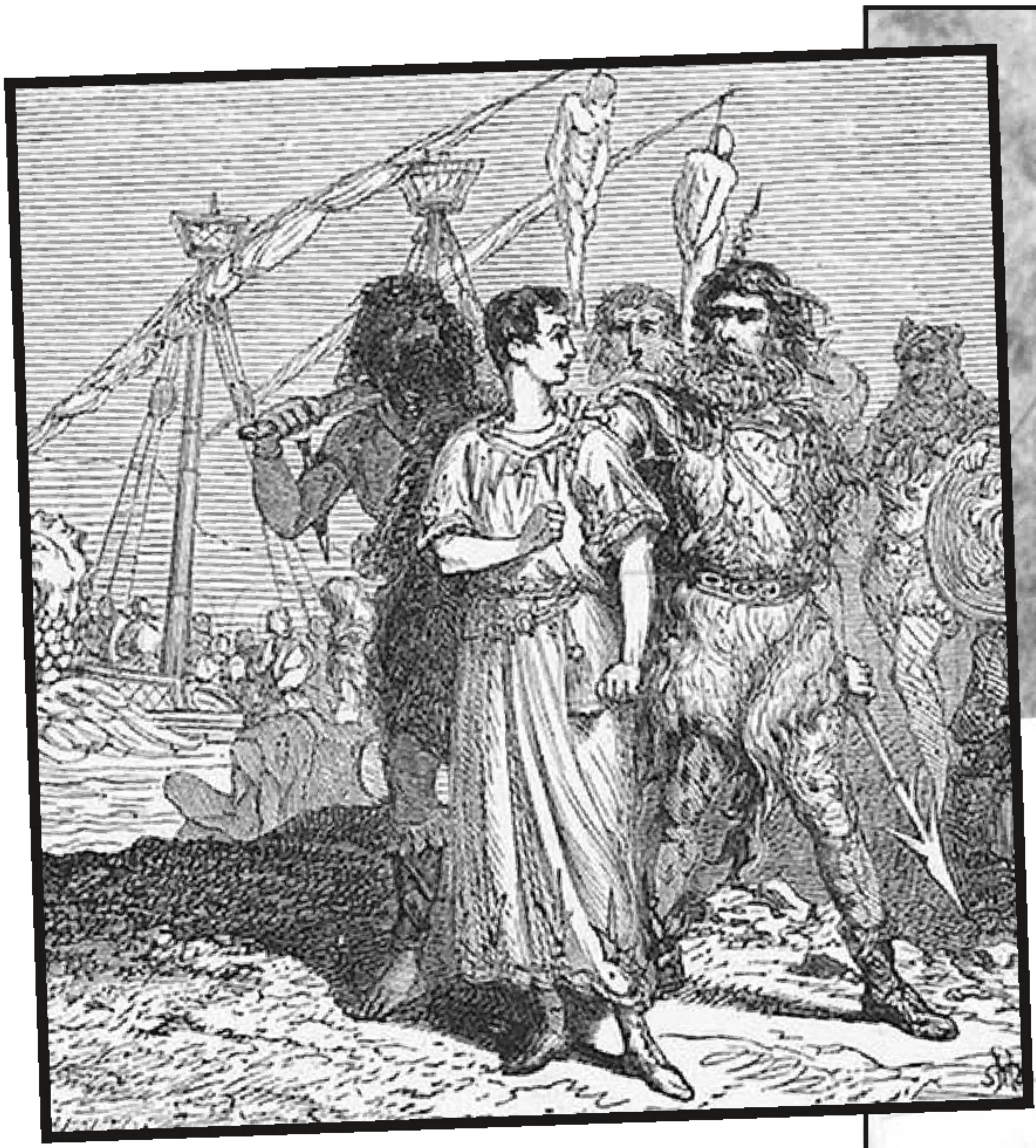
As the Doctor wrung out the ends of his scarf, which had trailed in the water, he tried to make a logical deduction of his position, both geographic and in time. "The sea is flat. The sun is high and warm. Well, we're obviously on Earth — it being the only planet I know that is two-thirds covered by sea. It's not hot enough for the Pacific, too calm for the Atlantic. So, at an educated guess, I'd say we've vectored in on the Mediterranean."

He was pleased with his conclusions, quite rightly too, for he was broadly correct. In fact, the Tardis had brought him down in the Aegean, the part of the Mediterranean that lies between Greece and Turkey. All he needed to know now was the historical period he had chanced upon.

The Doctor rummaged around in one of the Tardis's numerous and capacious lockers until he came upon a long, brass telescope. "Ah! Just the thing!" He returned to the door and, putting the instrument to his eye, scanned the horizon. The lens focused on two indistinct blurs. As he watched, they sailed closer and eventually he made out the shape of two ships. One was long and sleek, with a large central sail; along each side were lines of oarsmen. They were chained together and each was pulling strongly on his oar, rowing furiously. "I recognise that vessel," the Doctor said. "It's undoubtedly a galley and by its lines I'm sure it must be Roman. But what on earth is the boat chasing it?"

This was much smaller and a great deal speedier than the rather cumbersome galley. As the Doctor watched, the little boat overtook the galley, drew alongside and, suddenly, men waving swords above their heads were swarming aboard it. "Good gracious! Pirates!"

The Doctor peered through his telescope and watched as the marauders herded the terrified passengers and crew together and started to strip them of jewels and valuables. Only one man remained calm throughout the attack. He was well-dressed and obviously aristocratic.



He sat apart, quietly reading despite the havoc that was wrought around him.

Refocusing his lens, the Doctor brought the young man into extreme close-up. "I'm sure I recognise that face," he said, wracking his memory for a name. "That's it! I thought he was familiar. If I'm not much mistaken, that is Julius Caesar, but he's not much more than a boy. So I conclude we've come to earth some years before he became a great soldier and Emperor of Rome. Wait a minute, what's happening now?"

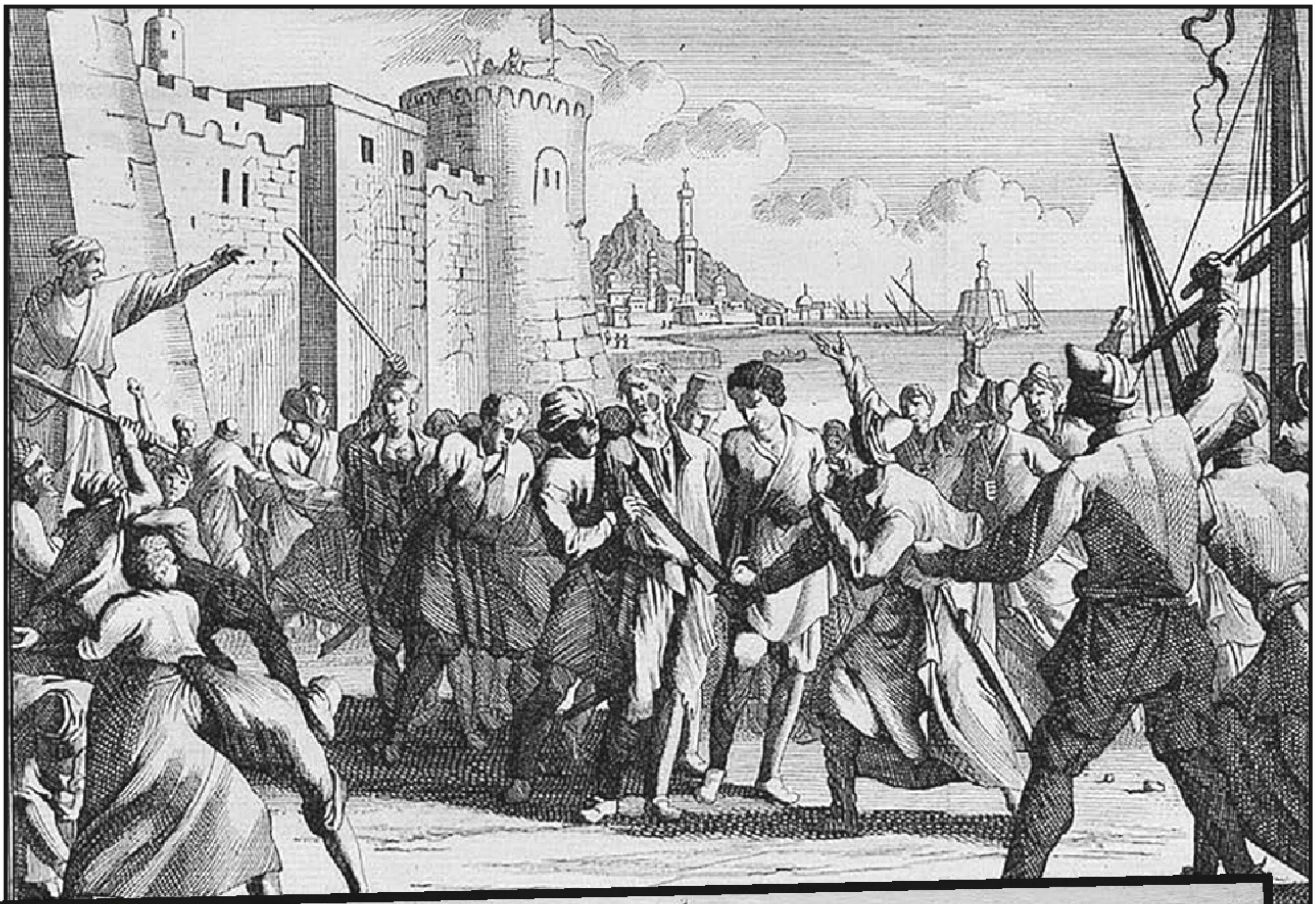
The pirate chief strode up to Caesar and brandished his sword at him. Caesar looked disdainfully at him. He was greatly outnumbered and resistance would be useless, so he haughtily permitted himself to be taken captive. "Well, well," the Doctor pondered. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if young Julius isn't being held for ransom. I expect the pirates will send a message to his family demanding a large sum of money in return for his safe release."

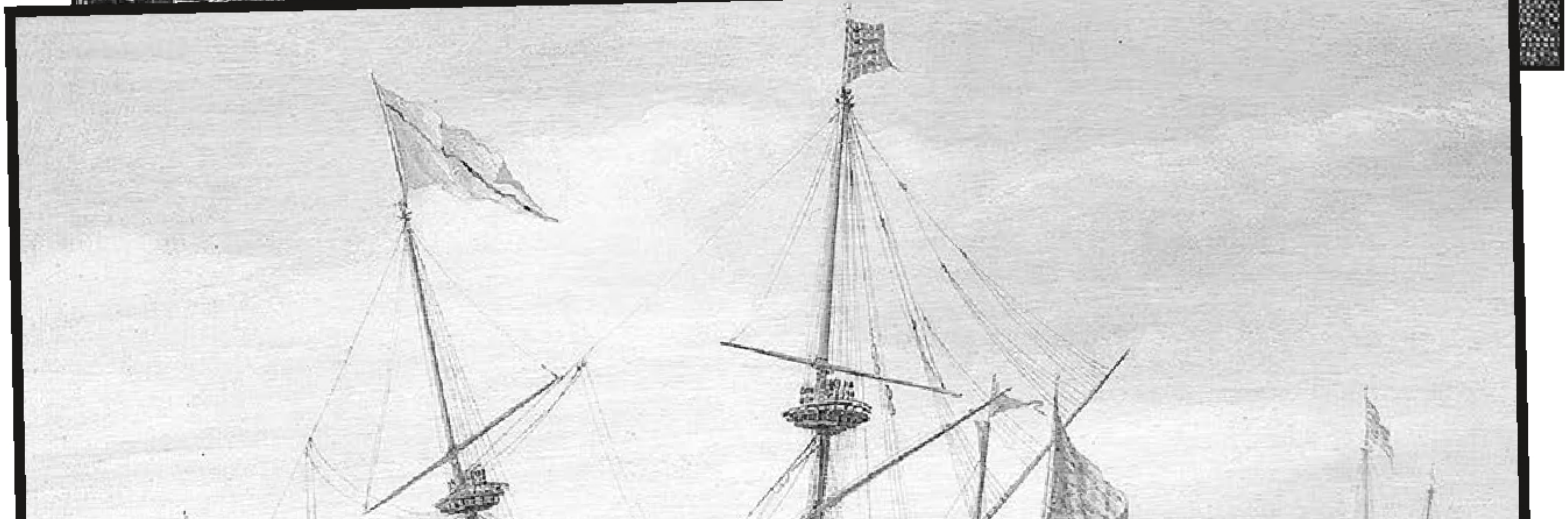
The two ships had now drifted out of the Doctor's view but he was intrigued to know how the story ended. He walked across to the computer bank and punched instructions out on the keyboard. He selected ROMAN HISTORY: CAESAR, JULIUS. The machine made a stuttering noise as it retrieved the information and presented a print-out. The Doctor ran his

eye down the typed sheet until he came to the section he wanted. It read: ". . . Caesar held prisoner in Greece while family paid huge ransom . . . On return to Rome Caesar planned revenge . . . Assembled fleet of four war galleys and five hundred armed men . . . Sailed to pirate stronghold where surprised them at a feast . . . Many massacred, ransom recovered . . . Caesar ordered prisoners executed by being slowly strangled . . ."

"Charming!" exclaimed the Doctor drily. "I must say I'm surprised to learn that pirates flourished so early in history. Let's dig a little deeper." He typed some more instructions into the computer.

It quickly answered. ". . . Pirates . . . Sea-robbers who preyed on shipping to steal cargo and treasure and hold wealthy passengers to ransom . . . Word derived from Latin **pirata** and ancient Greek **peirates** . . . Pirates operated in all parts of world from earliest history . . . Found wherever there were merchant ships laden with valuable cargoes . . ."



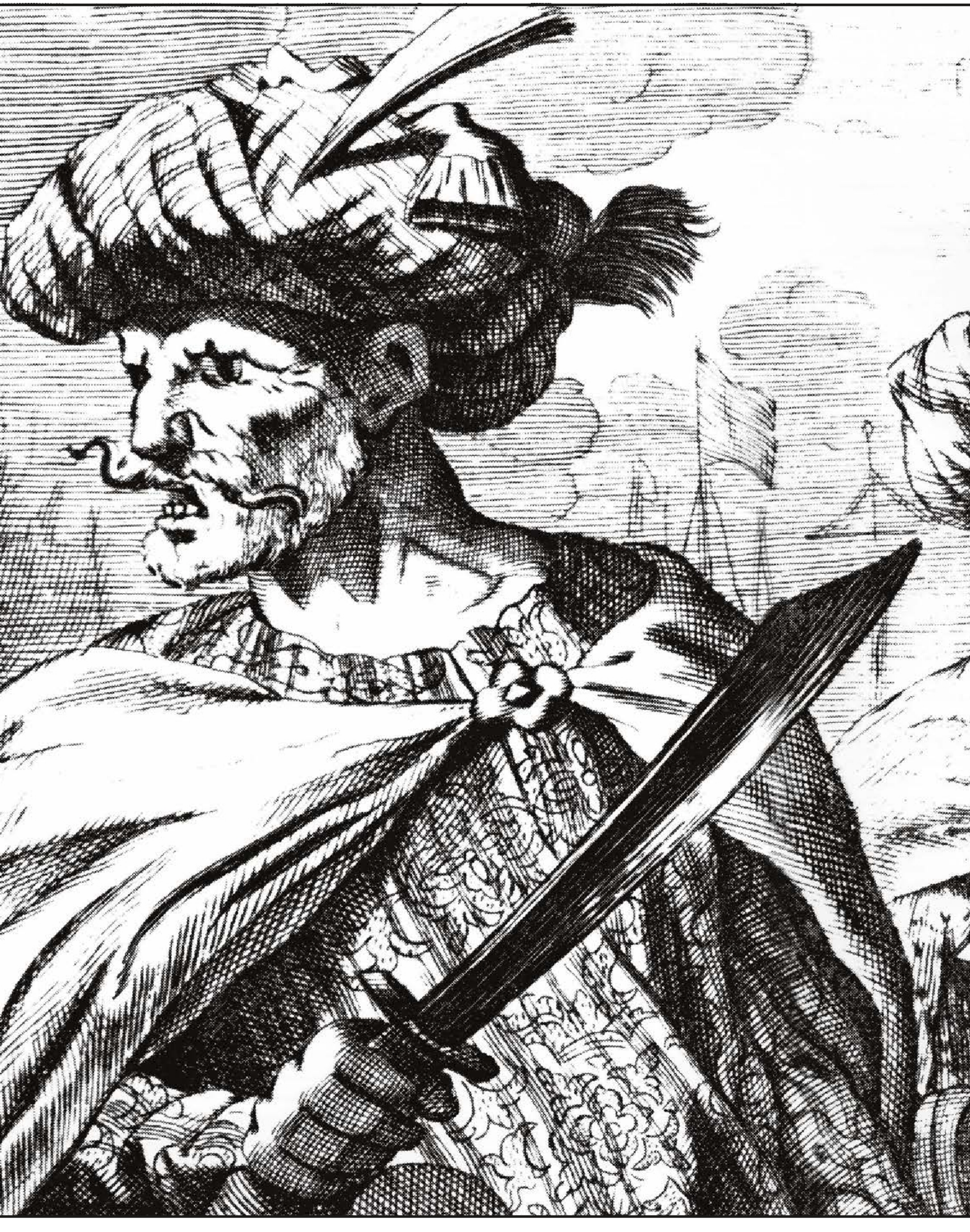


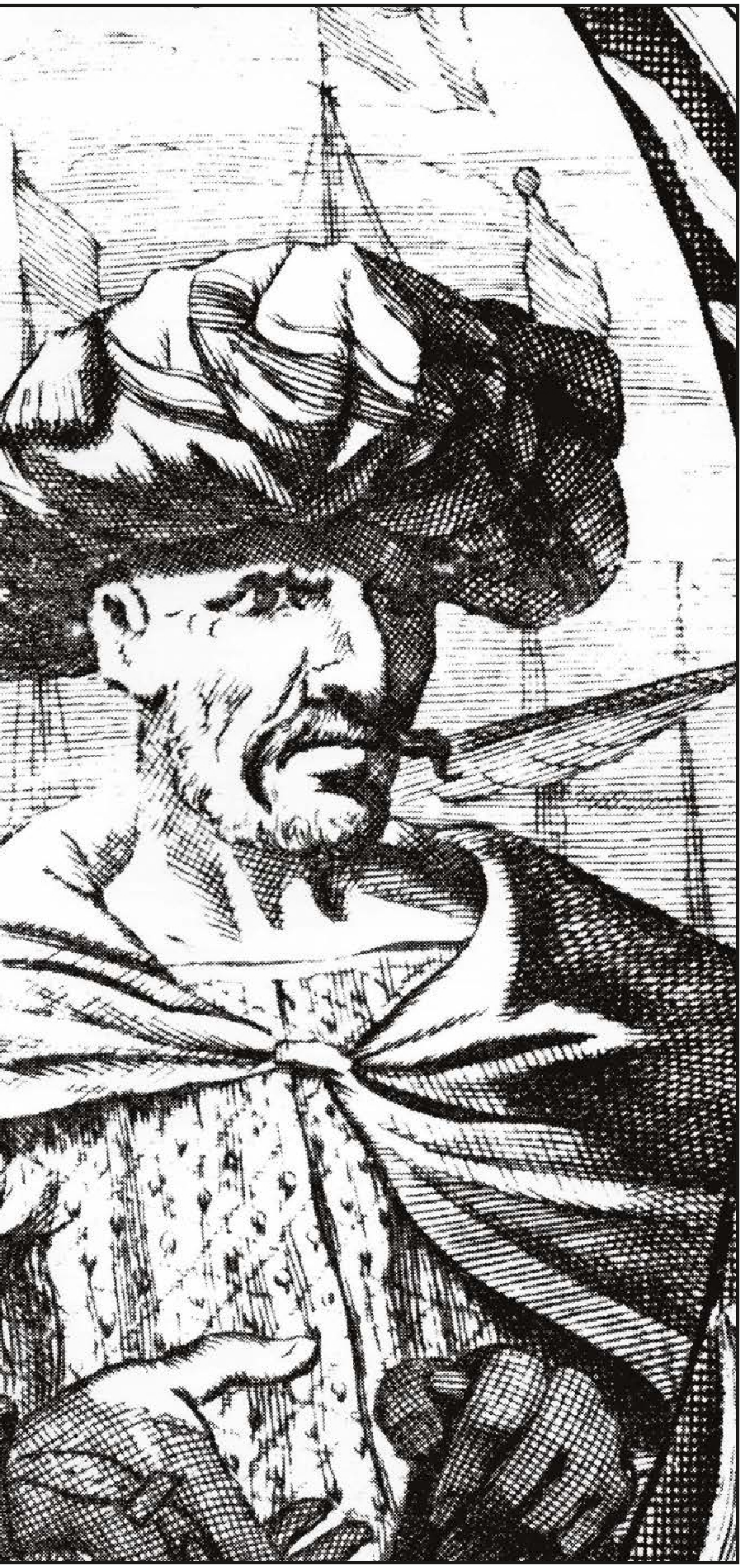
"It seems I've stumbled on a fascinating subject. I'm not too busy at the moment — even Time Lords have their slack periods — so let's investigate pirates a bit further. If the Tardis will behave itself for a change we'll take a spin forward through history and find out some more about these sea-borne villains."

The Tardis's time dials spun furiously, but the Doctor felt little motion apart from the gentle bobbing he had noticed before. The dials came to rest at the 16th century and when he re-opened the door, the scene was much the same as had greeted him previously. The sea was still calm, the sun still warm. "We still appear to be in the Mediterranean. Now what was happening around here in the 16th century? Let's see, most of the area was ruled by Arabs, the Moors who had swept along the North African coast and conquered most of Spain. If my memory serves me right they had also conquered the Middle East — the countries that are now Syria, Israel and Lebanon — and even Turkey. I believe the rest of the Mediterranean coast, from Greece to Spain, was in Christian hands."

As usual, the Doctor's memory was excellent. The Arabs and the Christians were deadly enemies, constantly at battle in a holy war to take their religion to non-believers. Both needed the Mediterranean as a vital trade route to carry food, cloths and other goods. The fight extended from the land to the sea, and fleets of Christian and Muslim pirates roamed the area waiting to pounce on the merchant vessels of their foes.

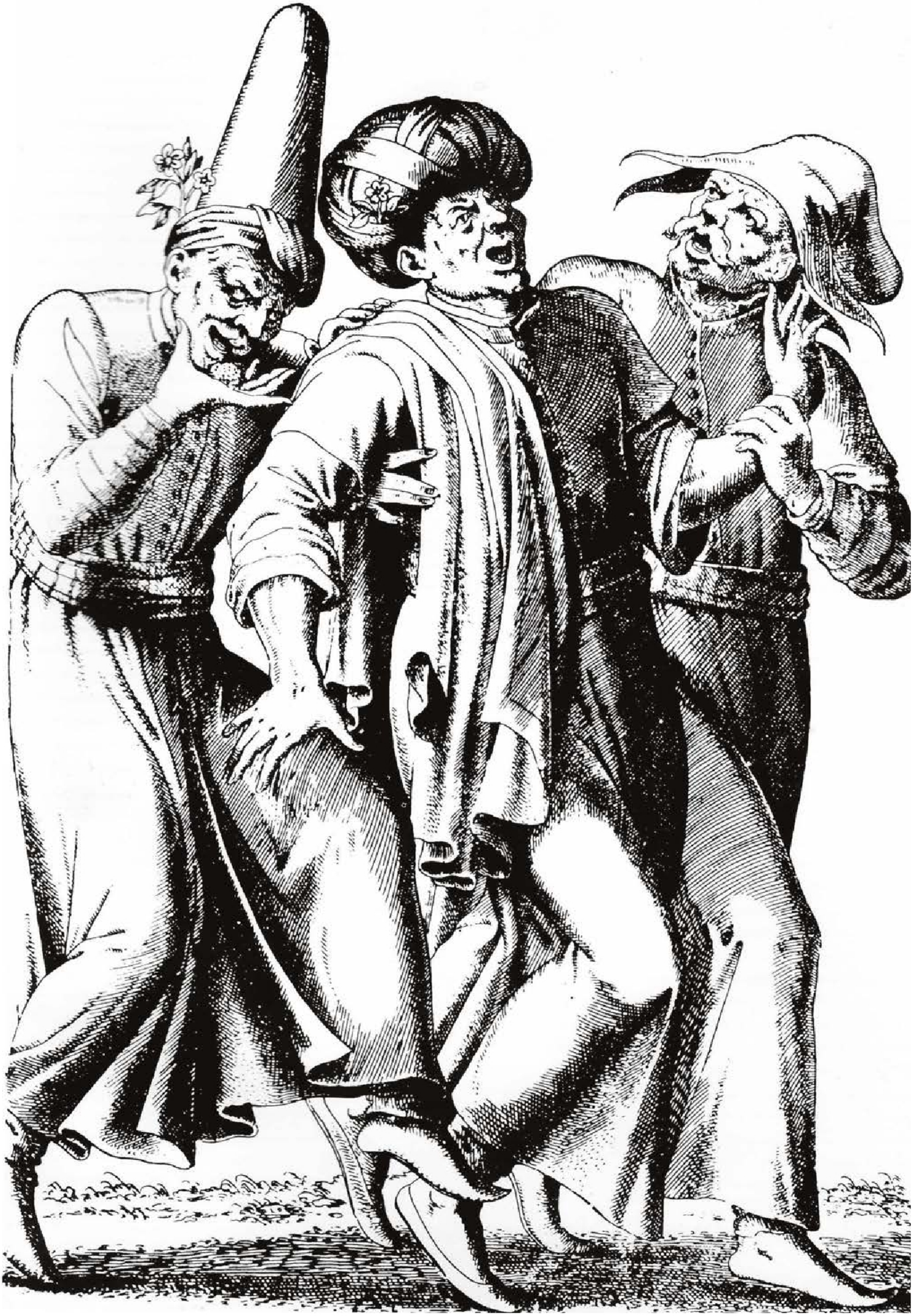
"But were they really pirates?" the Doctor wondered. "That's a bit of a riddle; when is a pirate not a pirate? When he's a privateer! And what's the difference? Well a pirate is an outlaw, a common sea





criminal who could expect to be hung if caught by the navy of his own country. But a privateer was a little more respectable. He was a chap who had an official licence — called a Letter of Marque — from his king that allowed him to hunt down and plunder the enemies of his country quite legally. At this time, both the Christians and the Moors licensed captains to attack the ships of their rivals. But in the 'Med' they weren't called either pirates or privateers but corsairs. The Moorish pirates operated from the Barbary Coast — the area stretching from Tripoli in the east to Algeria in the west — and were known as the Barbary Corsairs. The Christian counterparts had their headquarters in Malta and were, quite logically, called the Maltese Corsairs."

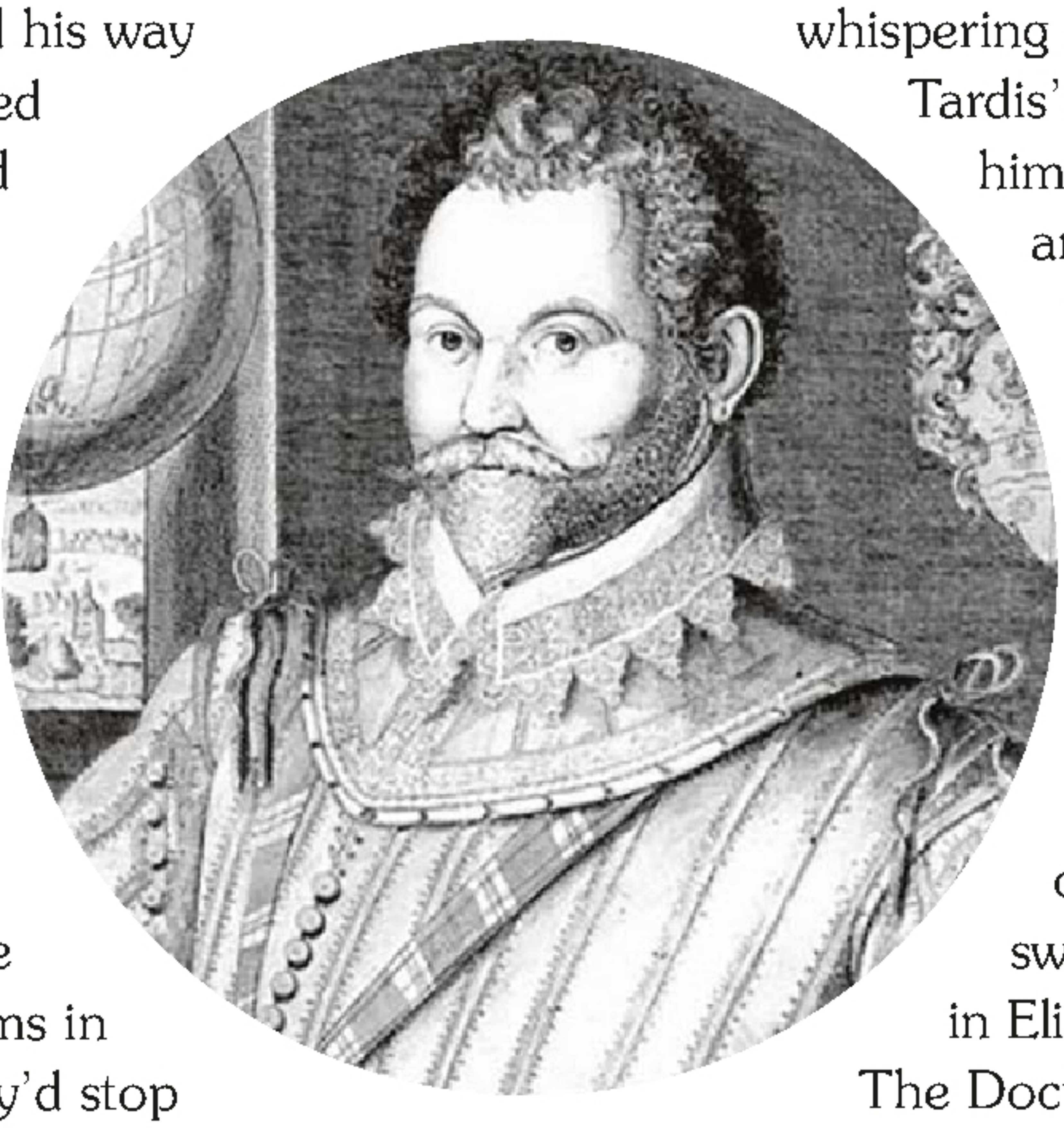
Perhaps the most notorious of the Barbary Corsairs were the Barbarossa Brothers — Arouj and Kheireddin — who terrorised the area in the early 16th century. Arouj was the most bloodthirsty and daring. On one occasion, he captured a large galley owned by the Pope but, not content with this prize, he determined to take her sister ship. To do this he formed a cunning plan. He ordered his bowmen to hide in the captured galley and forced his captured Christian prisoners to dress and act like seamen.



When the second ship eventually came into view, she saw the other ship peacefully under way and, not suspecting a trap, sailed close to her. Too late did the crew realise they'd been tricked. On the word of command Arouj's archers leapt from cover and rained a deadly hail of arrows on them.

"Arouj was a crafty old devil," the Doctor chuckled. "But — like so many sea-robbers — he was vain, greedy and ruthless. After his successes at sea, he decided he'd like to rule Algiers. He murdered and tortured his way into power and behaved with such cold-blooded brutality that he became immensely unpopular. His army abandoned him to his fate, and he tried to escape his many enemies by galloping into the desert with his treasure. When the pursuers drew close he threw his gold and gems in their path, hoping they'd stop to pick them up and allow him time to slip away. It didn't work, and eventually he was cornered and hacked to death by their swords.

"I'm afraid that the history of the Maltese and Barbary corsairs was full of such blood-thirsty men and incidents. What's most astonishing is that their activities continued up to the 19th century. During all that time they attacked each other, took prisoners and sold the poor wretches into slavery. It wasn't until the attitude to slavery changed that the corsairs were finally stamped out in 1830.



"But let's leave the Mediterranean and go roving elsewhere in search of our colourful brigands. I wonder if Tardis can carry us to the Spanish Main?"

This time Tardis buffeted through space and landed with a bump. On stepping out, the Doctor found himself on dry land. It was night and through the darkness he could just make out the walls of a fortified town. In the background he could hear the lap of waves against a harbour, and very indistinctly, the soft tread of stealthy feet and voices whispering in English. The Tardis's time-dial had told him the year was 1572, and if he had set his course correctly, he should be somewhere on the coast of South America. But where, exactly?

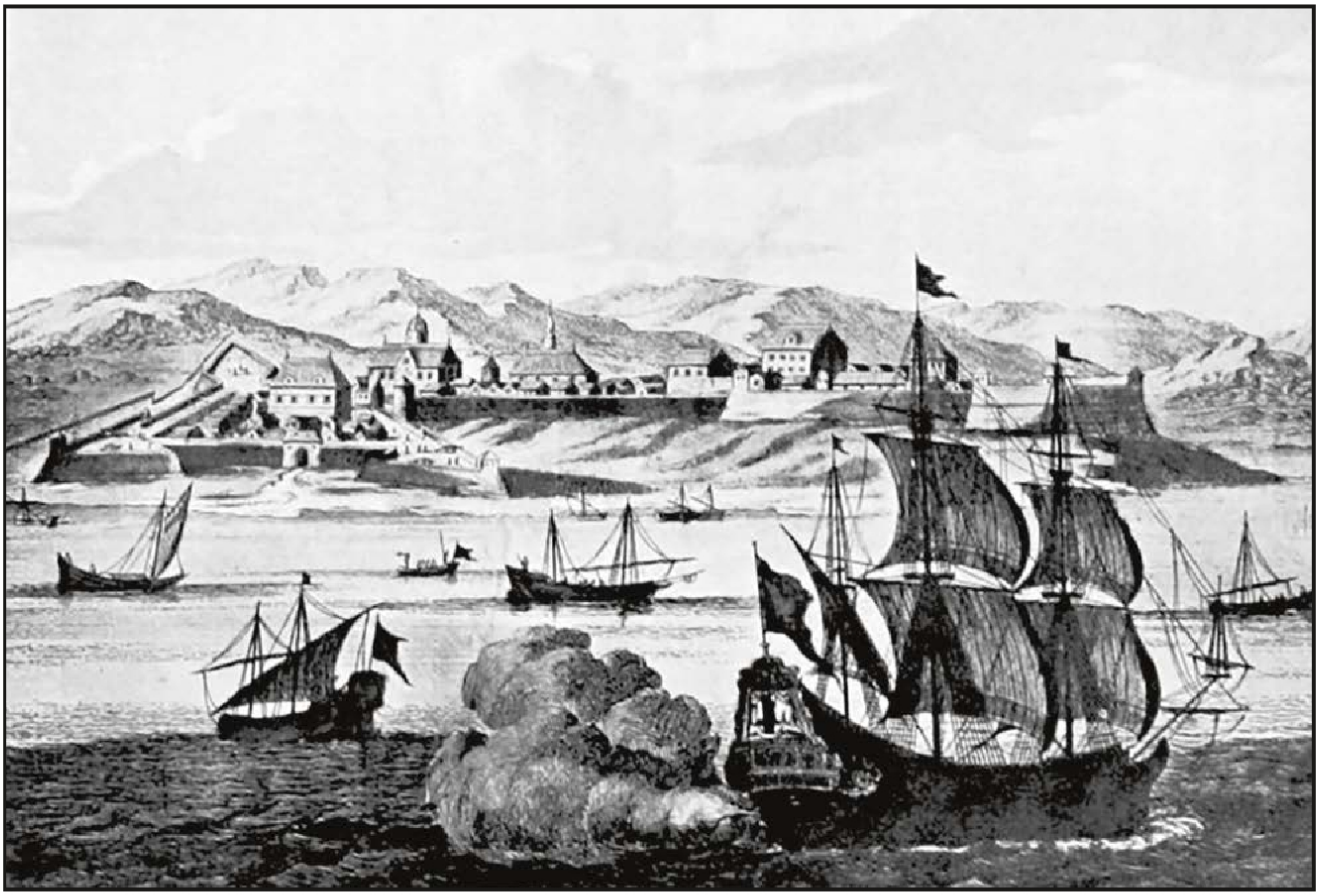
Out of the gloom came a party of men, carrying swords and dressed in Elizabethan costume. The Doctor ducked behind a tree and settled down to watch the events. He saw the face of the leader etched in the flickering flame of a torch, and with some satisfaction, recognised it as belonging to one of England's greatest sea-dogs. "Excellent!" he thought to himself. "Francis Drake. That means we must be on the Gulf of Darien. Now let me get my bearings . . . on 20th century maps that would be between Columbia and Panama. In Drake's day this gulf was an important treasure store for the Spaniards who ruled most of Central and South America.

"I bet a coconut to the cosmos that the town before us is Nombre de Dios, the place to which gold and silver from Peru was brought and stored before being loaded onto treasure galleons and carried back to Spain. Young Francis is out to pinch the stuff from under the Spaniards' very noses!"

As he watched, a second raiding party led by Francis's younger brother John and a lieutenant named John Oxenham stole into view. A few minutes later the two bands of men started making a great noise, sounding more like an army than a handful of sailors. The townspeople, woken by the tumult, thought they were being attacked by hundreds, and fled together with the Spanish soldiers, who were supposed to be defending them and the treasure. The Doctor laughed as he saw Drake's cheeky trick work so well.

The English fell upon a storehouse, but Drake told them to leave it and concentrate on another. The first only held silver, but the second had much more valuable stores of gold and jewels. He gave them a hand to ram the huge doors behind which lay the rich booty, but as they strained to open them, Drake fell to the ground, unconscious. His men rushed to him and discovered his leg was bleeding badly from a gunshot wound. Drake told them to take all the gold they could and leave him. They refused and, worried in case the Spanish should realise they'd been duped and return to attack, carried him to the safety of the boats. Thus, they were forced to leave the gold behind, hardly touched.

The Doctor followed their example, and ran back to the Tardis before he was discovered and hung as a pirate. "Poor old Drake! It wasn't often he failed against the Spanish. What a privateer, he was! A few months after that raid he ambushed a mule train carrying tons of silver overland. How



the Spaniards hated him! They called him **El Draque**, the Dragon, and thought he had magic powers that could find their boats in any part of the ocean.

"He may have missed this treasure, but his ultimate triumph was in 1588 when he routed and destroyed the Armada. Not only was Drake one of England's greatest seamen and explorers, but he was also a very roguish privateer!"

The Doctor reset the Tardis's course, keeping his fingers crossed that they came to rest exactly where he wanted — Jamaica, in the middle of the Caribbean. For once the time machine was behaving well, and he found himself amid the bustle

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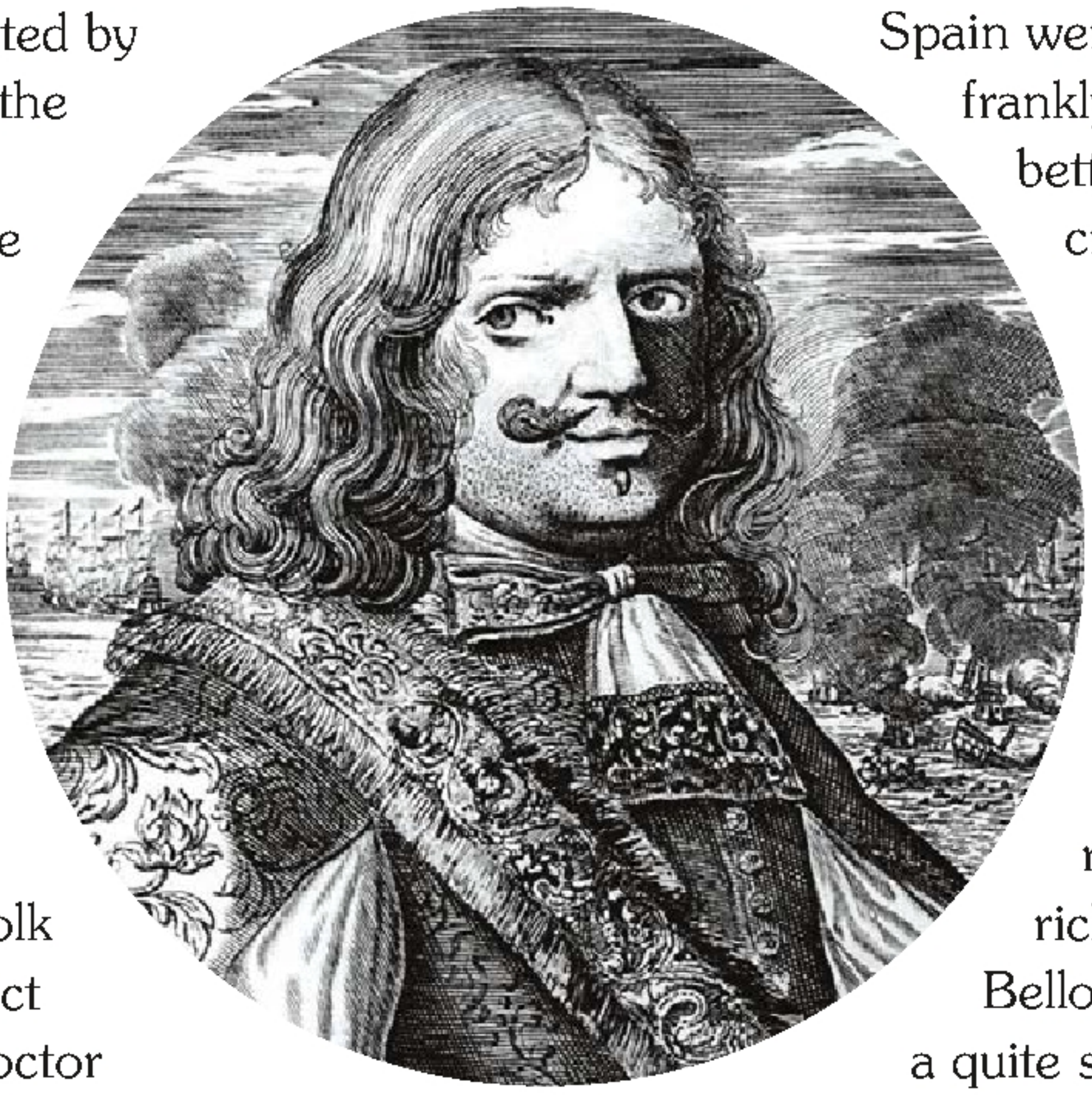
and colour, the dirt and low life of Port Royal (later to become Jamaica's capital, renamed Kingston), notorious as a pirates' stronghold.

The Doctor wandered the small, winding streets, past the taverns filled with raucous drunken sailors spending their ill-gotten wealth, and the contrasting great houses owned by the merchants and traders and successful pirate captains. As he strolled among the rowdy crowds his attention was arrested by an imposing figure — the mob parted to make a path as this man strode forward.



He was dressed in expensive finery, sported a flowing wig and a splendid pair of moustachios! His bearing was that of a man of wealth and power and the townsfolk treated him with respect and some fear. The Doctor tapped the shoulder of a by-stander — who was rather the worst for wear due to the great draughts of rum he took from a stone flask in his hand — and asked him who the "posh-looking fellow" was. "Don't you know 'im?" responded the man in amazement. "Where you been recently?"

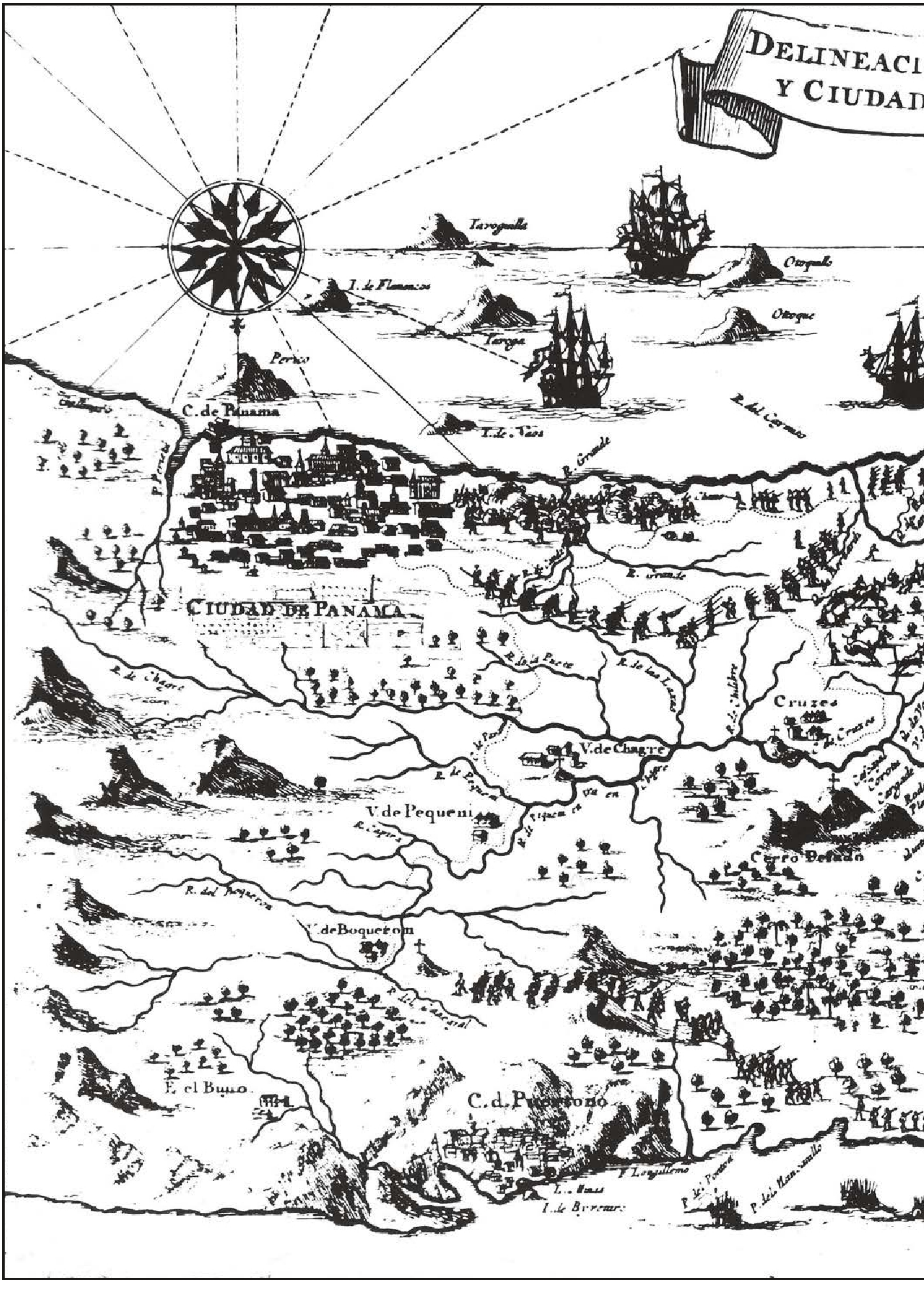
"On a rather long voyage, actually. Now tell me, who is that chap?"

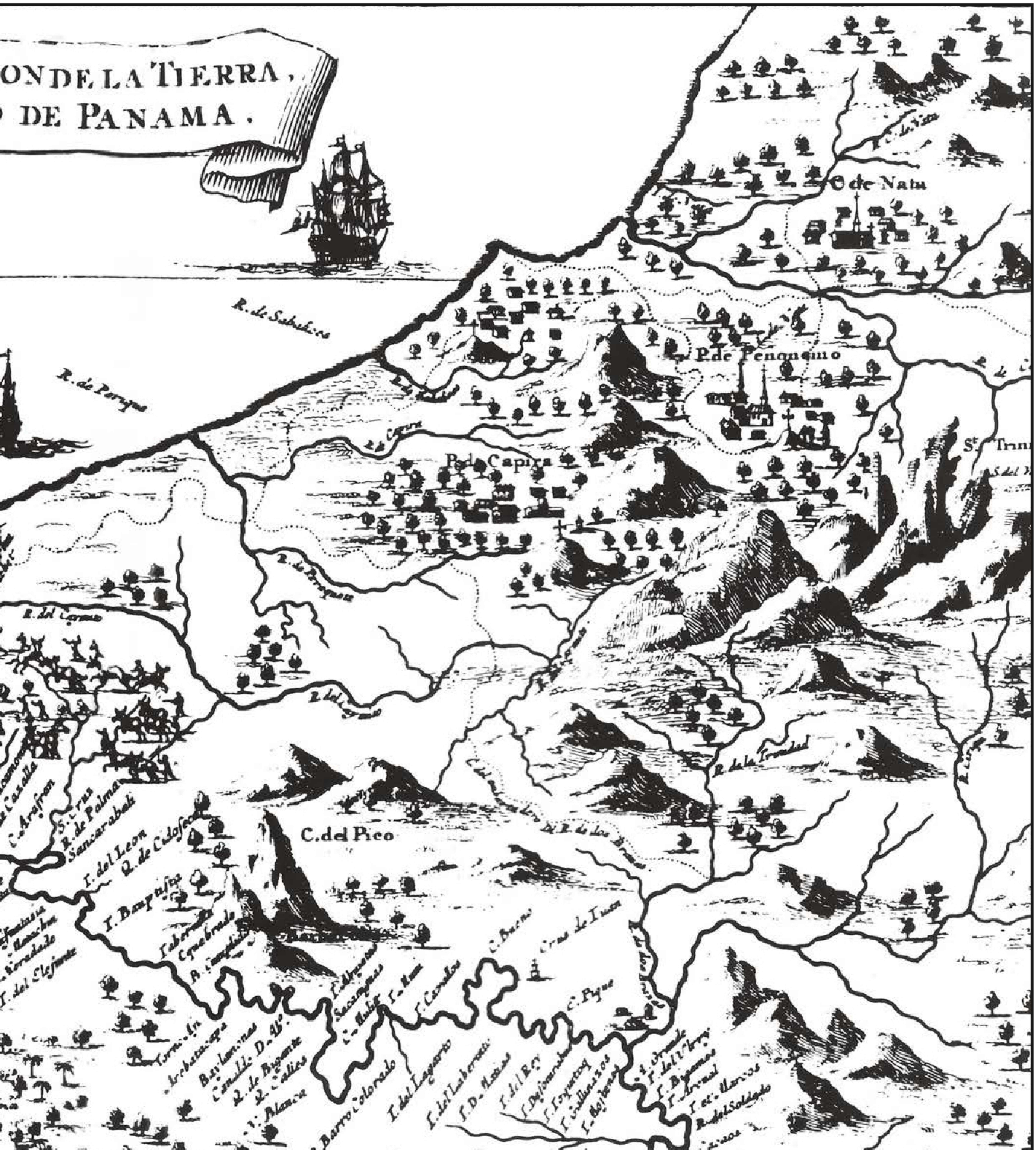
"Why, that's Morgan. Sir Henry Morgan. He's deputy governor of Jamaica now, and a great gentleman. But I knew 'im when 'e was plain Cap'n Morgan and not much better than a common pirate. 'E's got the Devil's own luck!"

The Doctor politely thanked the man for the information and deftly stepped aside as he spat into the gutter. He sauntered down to the harbour, sat himself on a capstan and gazed out over the ships crowding the docks as he considered the strange career of Henry Morgan.

Morgan proves that the line between a pirate and a 'respectable' licensed privateer was very thin. Morgan was a privateer because England and Spain were at war but frankly he acted no better than a common criminal or even murderer. Mind you, he was a bold and brave and clever man and pulled some very daring strokes.

He once raided the vastly rich harbour of Porto Bello in Panama with a quite small but very disciplined band of men. The town was defended by three forts. He captured the first two quite easily, but the third was more stoutly armed and the Governor refused to surrender. Morgan ordered his men to round up all the town's priests and nuns and drive them towards the fort, because he was sure the Governor would not risk killing them. The poor man had no choice; his duty was to defend the treasure but if he opened fire he would kill a priest or nun. He chose to do his duty and as a result there was a terrible battle, in the course of which many lives were lost, before Morgan was eventually victorious.

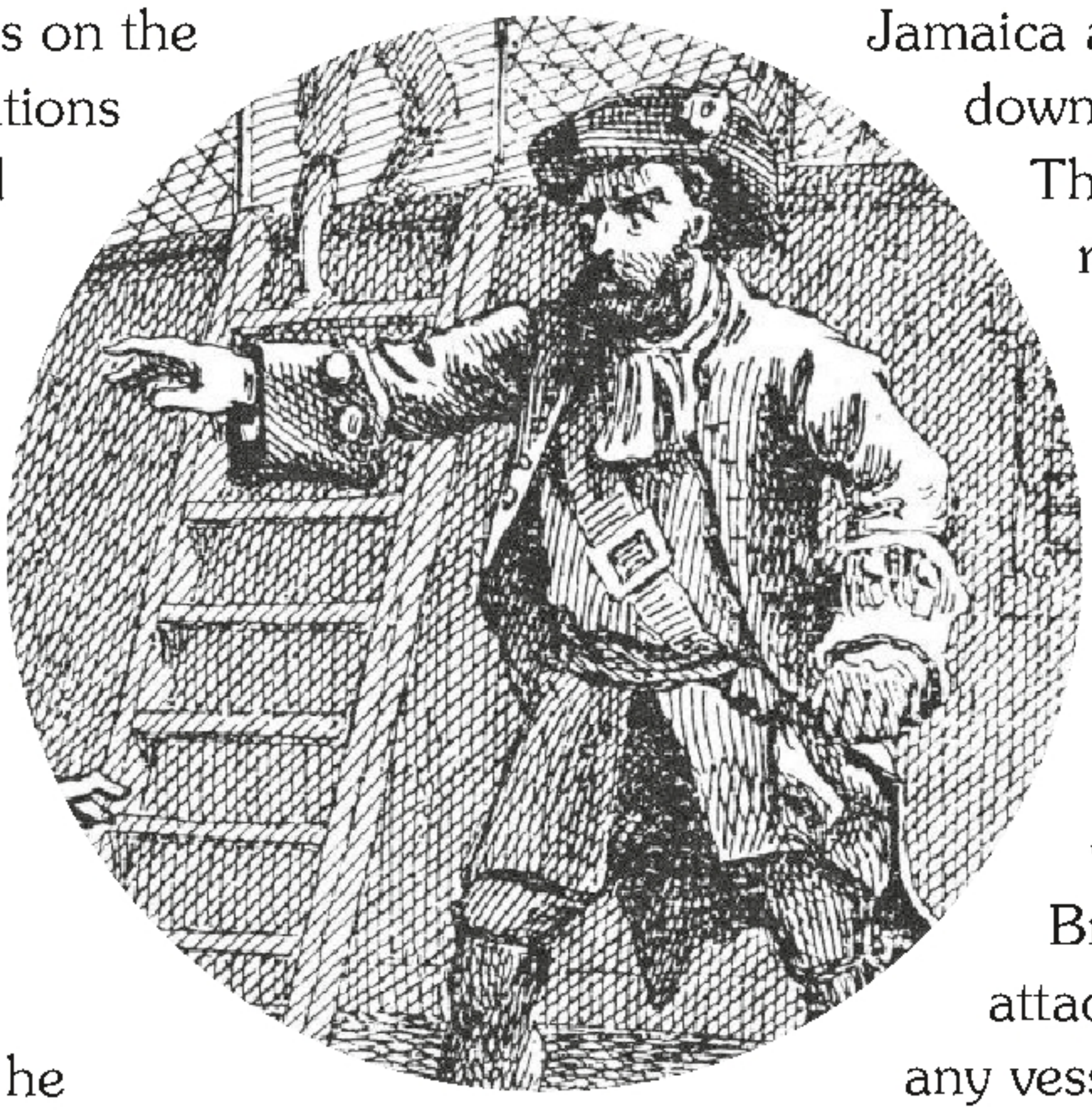

DELINEACI
Y CIUDAD
Taroguilla
Otoquillo
I. de Flamencos
Otoque
Taroga
Perico
R. del Caymito
C. de Panama
I. de Naos
R. Grande
P. Perico
CIUDAD DE PANAMA
R. Grande
R. de Chagre
R. de la Puente
R. de los Lagartos
R. de Chilibre
Cruzes
V. de Chagre
Chagre
R. de Pequeni
V. de Pequeni
R. Capira
Cerro Delgado
R. del Boqueron
V. de Boqueron
E. el Buno
C. d. Puertono
P. Longuillemo
I. de Buremas
P. de Pontoni
P. de la Manzanillo


ONDE LA TIERRA,
DE PANAMA.
O. de Nata
R. de Nata
P. de Penonemo
P. de Capira
R. de Capira
St. Trini
R. de Sabalares
R. de Paruque
R. de Perequete
R. del Carmen
R. del Grande
R. de la Trinidad
C. del Pico
I. del Leon
Q. de Culosso
R. de Palma
Sancarabali
C. Arafran
I. Baupitista
I. del Elefante
C. Bueno
Cruz de Juan
C. Pique
R. de los Brazos
Barro Colorado
I. del Lagarto
I. del Laberinto
I. del Rey
R. del Soldado
I. Sarsalos
R. de Indios
Vigie
Cagre
P. de Brujas
P. de Naranjos
D. Normanas
I. Cerería
R. de la Cantora

This ruthlessness made Morgan the most successful privateer in the Caribbean at that time. Each time he sacked a Spanish town he would subject the unfortunate inhabitants to hideous tortures to force them to reveal the hiding places of their valuables.

His greatest success was the looting of Panama City which was said to be the richest town in all Central America. He took a huge force of two thousand men and, after landing on the mainland, marched them across country, capturing several towns on the way. News of his intentions sped ahead of him and when he eventually reached Panama, having beaten off attacks from Indians and lost men through hunger and fever, the Spanish were ready for him.

Although overwhelmingly outnumbered, Morgan pressed the attack. As he rushed forward the Spaniards let loose a herd of wild bulls intending them to trample the pirates underfoot. But the noise of Morgan's guns alarmed the beasts, who turned tail and stampeded through the Spanish ranks! Next, the crack Spanish cavalry charged but the horses got bogged down in marshy ground and Morgan's musketeers picked their riders off easily. Seeing this, the soldiers inside the city lost heart and fought badly against Morgan's blood-thirsty brigade. The slaughter was terrible, and with his encouragement, Morgan's men ran riot, killing, looting and destroying. When they'd finished Morgan set the whole town ablaze and left it a total ruin.



Even some of the English authorities thought that Morgan had gone too far on that raid and despite the massive treasure he captured, he was ordered to return to England to stand trial. But when he got there, rather than finding himself in chains, he was delighted to discover he was a popular hero. In the face of such popularity, all charges were dropped and the king knighted him! Furthermore, he was later made deputy governor of Jamaica and ordered to hunt down all pirates in the area! This he did with great relish and success.

Morgan was much luckier than another of his breed — Captain William Kidd. Kidd considered himself to be a privateer who was licensed by the British Government to attack any French ship or any vessel of whatever nation that sailed under the protection of the French. He sailed in search of victims at the end of 1697, but the voyage was fated from the start.

His men were restless and talking mutiny. One morning a gunner called William Moore confronted the captain and Kidd alleged that he had been attacked with a knife. To protect himself he grabbed a heavy bucket and hit Moore across the head. As a result of this injury, Moore died.

Early in 1698, Kidd captured two rich prizes, Armenian ships that carried French passes guaranteeing them protection.

Kidd thought them fair game, but kept the written passes as evidence in case of dispute.

As he sailed back to England he was astonished to learn that he was wanted for piracy and the murder of Moore. He was certain he was innocent of both alleged crimes and called upon a powerful friend, Lord Belmont, who assured him that he would be given the King's pardon. He gave Belmont the French passes for safe-keeping. But Belmont was afraid that he might be implicated in charges of piracy because he had been secretly backing some rather dubious privateering enterprises. He had Kidd arrested and taken to London.

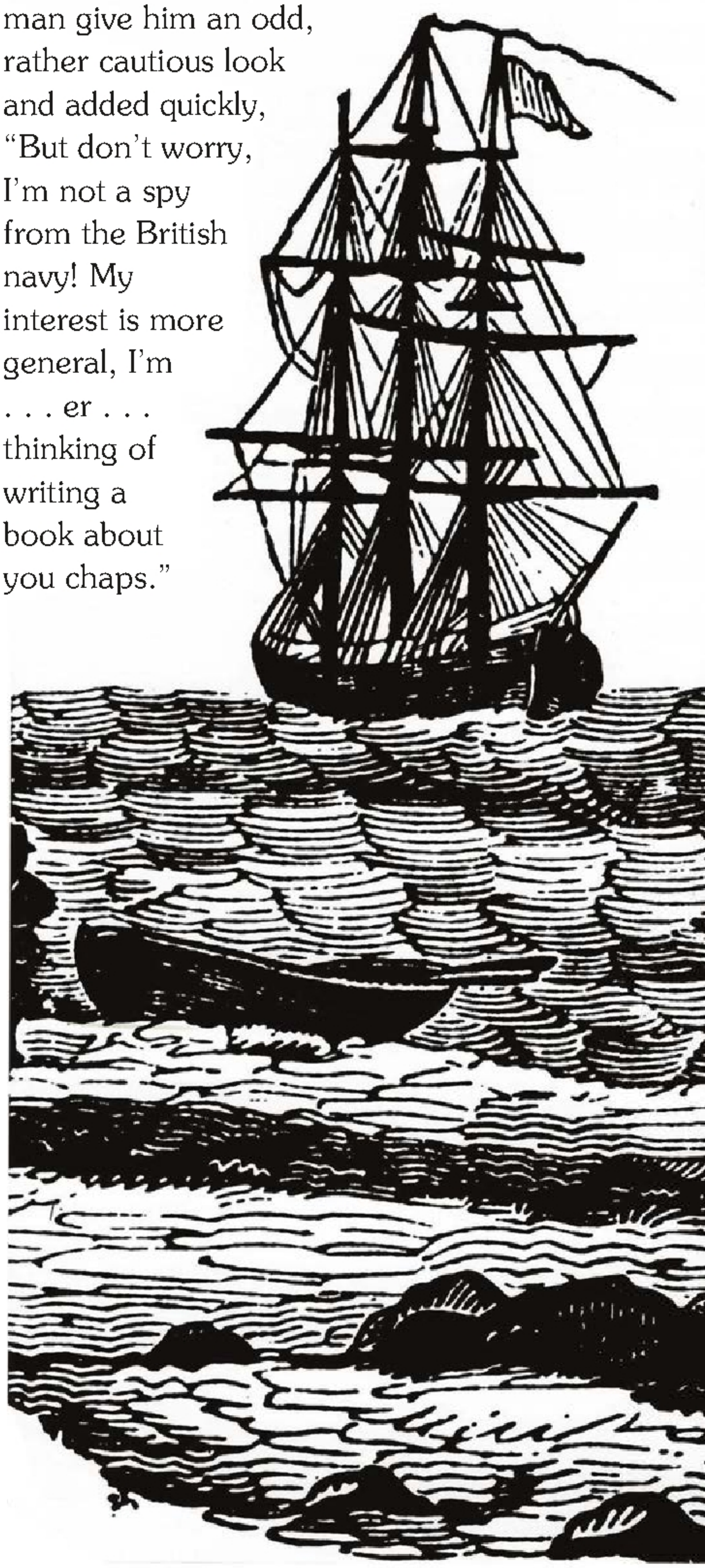
Kidd spent thirteen months in jail waiting for a trial. When it finally came, he realised that he had been betrayed. The vital passes had mysteriously disappeared and Kidd had no defence. He was quickly found guilty. Captain Kidd was hanged and his body, bound in chains, hung in a public place to deter anyone who might be thinking of becoming a pirate.

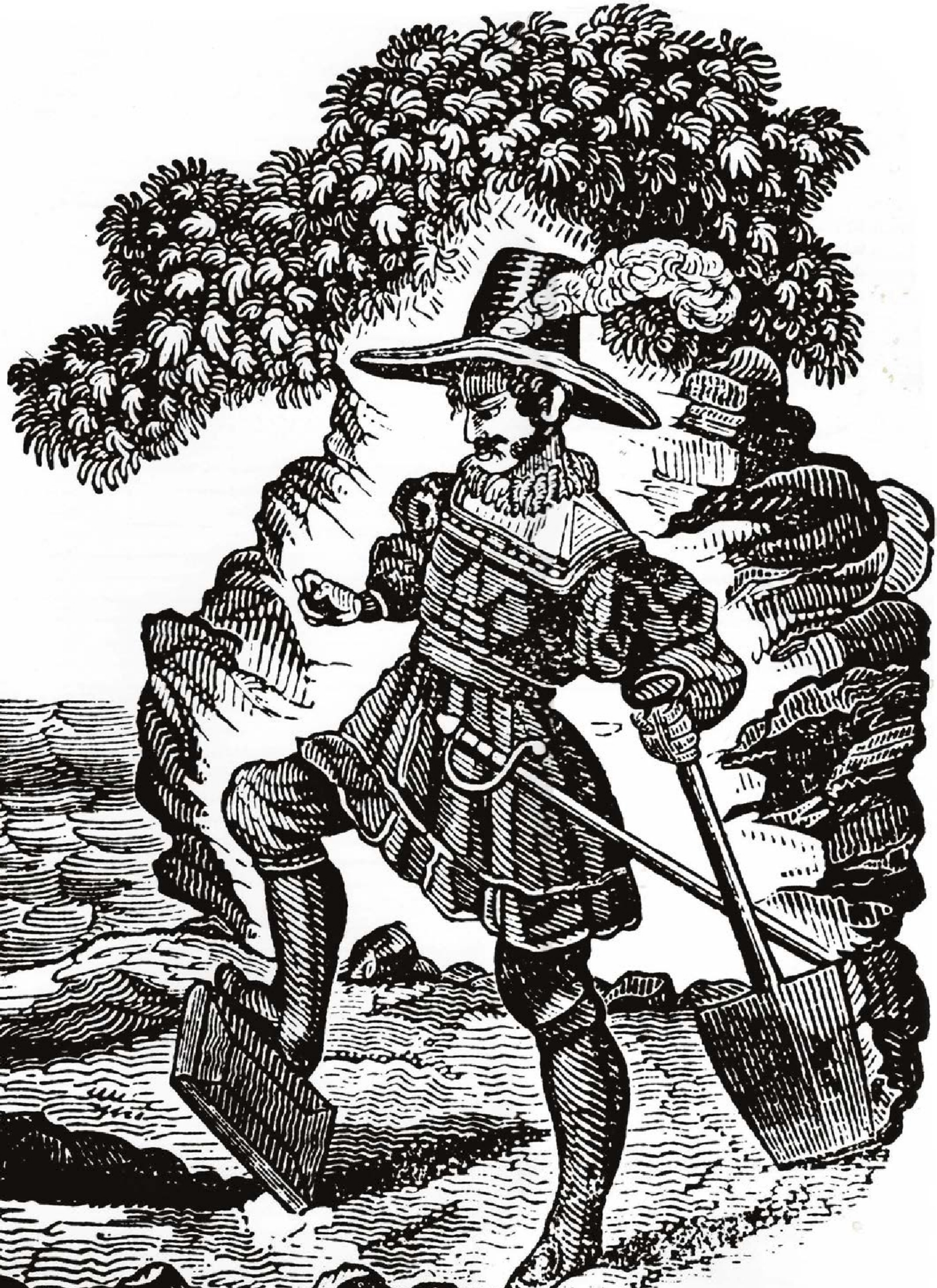
There's a strange postscript to this story; two hundred years later the passes that may have proved Kidd innocent and saved his life were discovered in an archive in London. How they got there and who hid them is unknown.

As the Doctor sat on the dockside, lost in thought, he became aware of someone standing by him. He was a small, wiry man, his skin darkened to nut-brown under the Caribbean sun. He was barefoot, wearing tattered, wide-bottomed trousers, a grubby, loose-sleeved white shirt and a red bandana to cover his long, straggly, greasy hair. He removed a stubby clay pipe from his mouth, spat through his two missing front teeth and said,

"Thinkin' of shippin' aboard a buccaneer boat, matey? There's plenty of cap'ns lookin' for a likely man. Always work for a buccaneer in Port Royal."

The Doctor lifted his hat politely. "I must say it seems like an adventurous sort of life. Profitable, too. As it happens, I **am** rather interested in pirates." He saw the man give him an odd, rather cautious look and added quickly, "But don't worry, I'm not a spy from the British navy! My interest is more general, I'm . . . er . . . thinking of writing a book about you chaps."



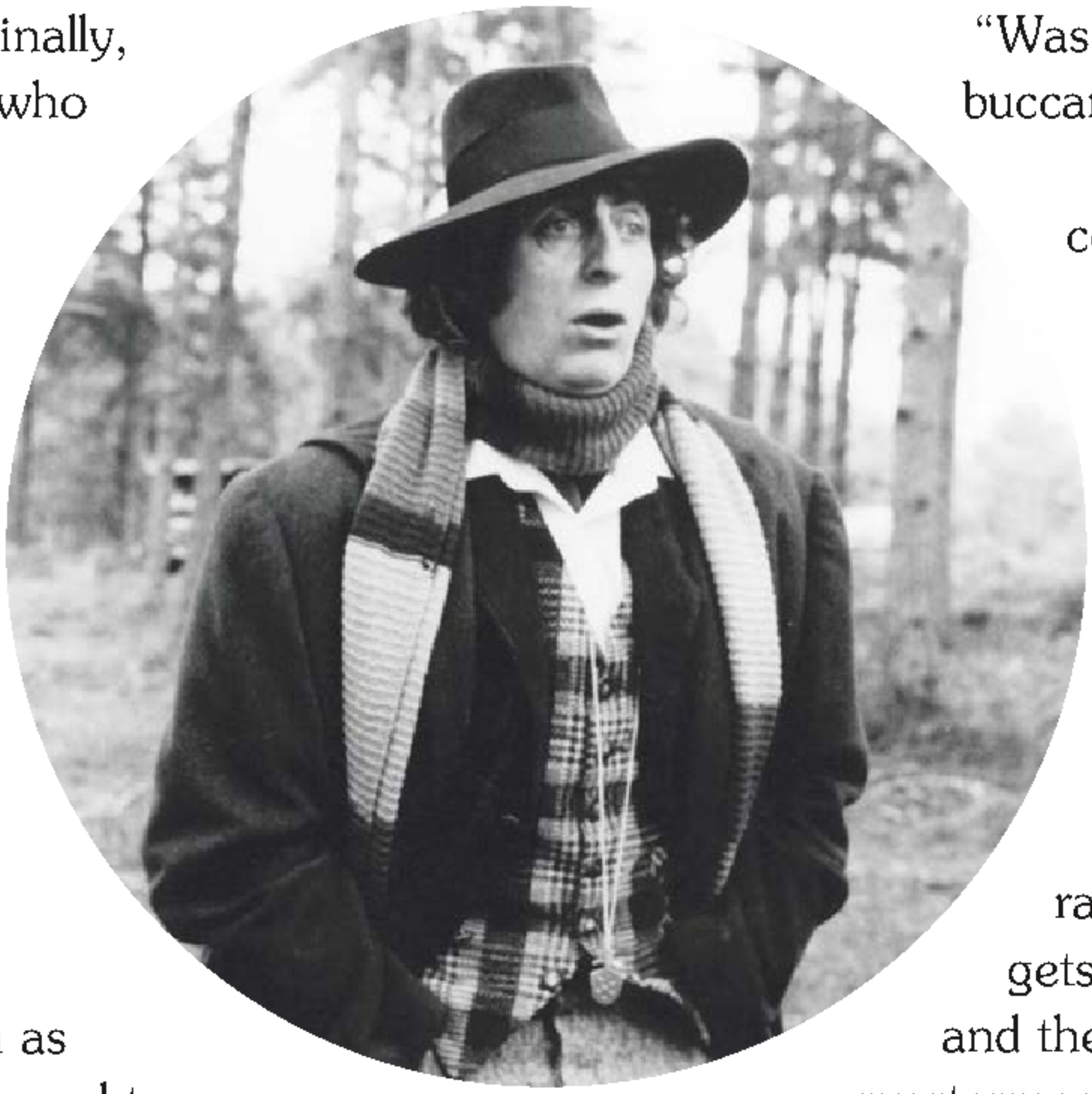


The man relaxed. "Books, eh? Never read one. Truth to tell, I can't read. Or write, if it comes to that. But there's not much I don't know about buccaneerin', been sailin' these waters for nigh on twenty years now. What's it you're wantin' to know?"

"Well, for a start, what about this word buccaneer? I've heard of pirates and privateers and corsairs but buccaneers are new to me."

"You only find buccaneers in the Caribbean. Originally, they was Frenchies who started livin' on the islands. They used to hunt the smoked wild beeves that roamed loose. They killed 'em and then smoked strips of their meat very slowly over a wood fire. The Frenchies called these fires **boucans** and the men became known as **boucaniers**. They used to sell the dried strips to visiting ships — they were preserved, d'you see, and lasted a long time on voyage but were tough to eat, I can tell you. Later these Frenchies — a wild, rough lot they were an' no mistake — took to more profitable work like raidin' settlements. They would steal boats and started attacking the treasure galleys of the Spaniards who were carryin' great loot from South America back home."

"And," said the Doctor, "I suppose that over the years **boucanier** became buccaneer."

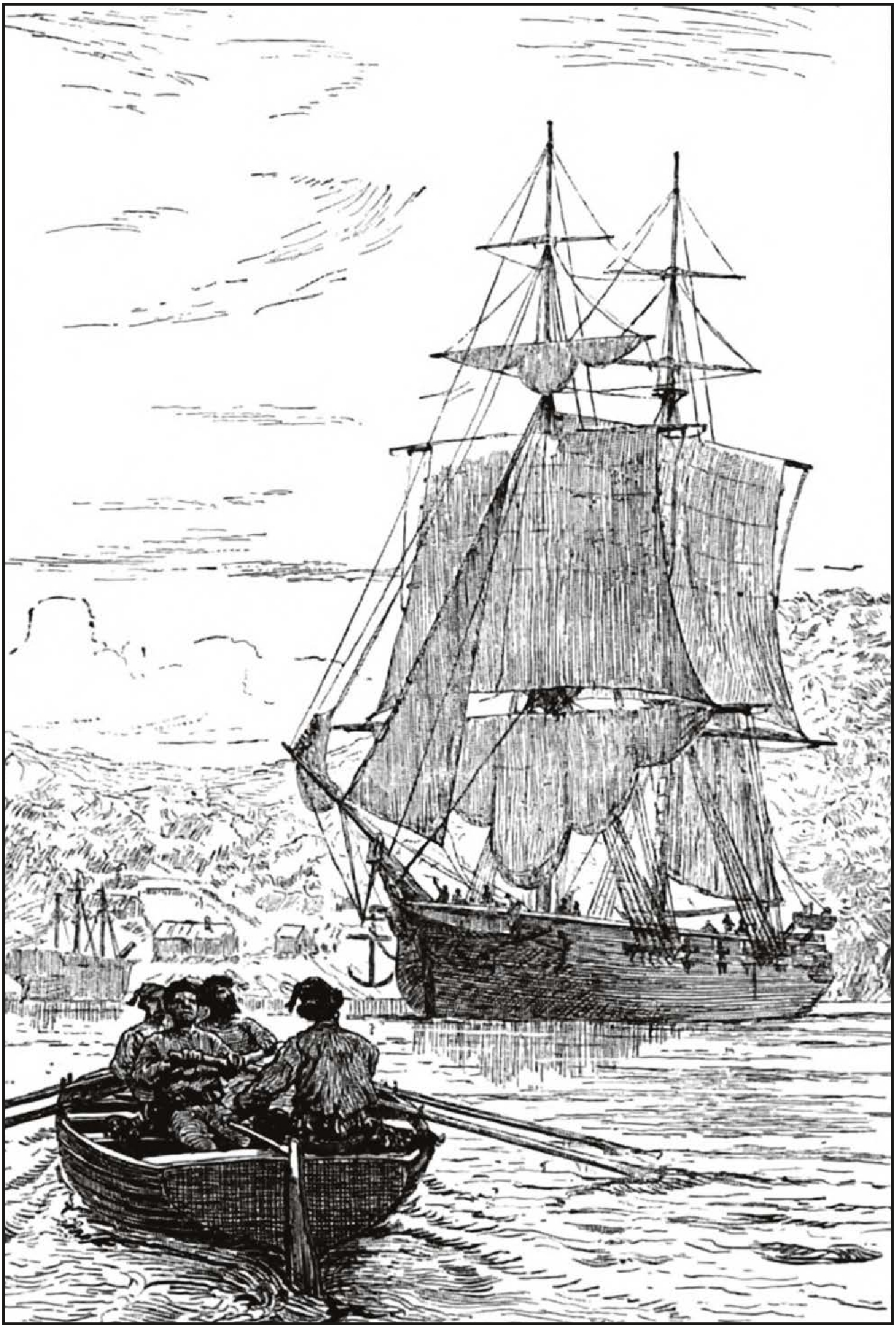


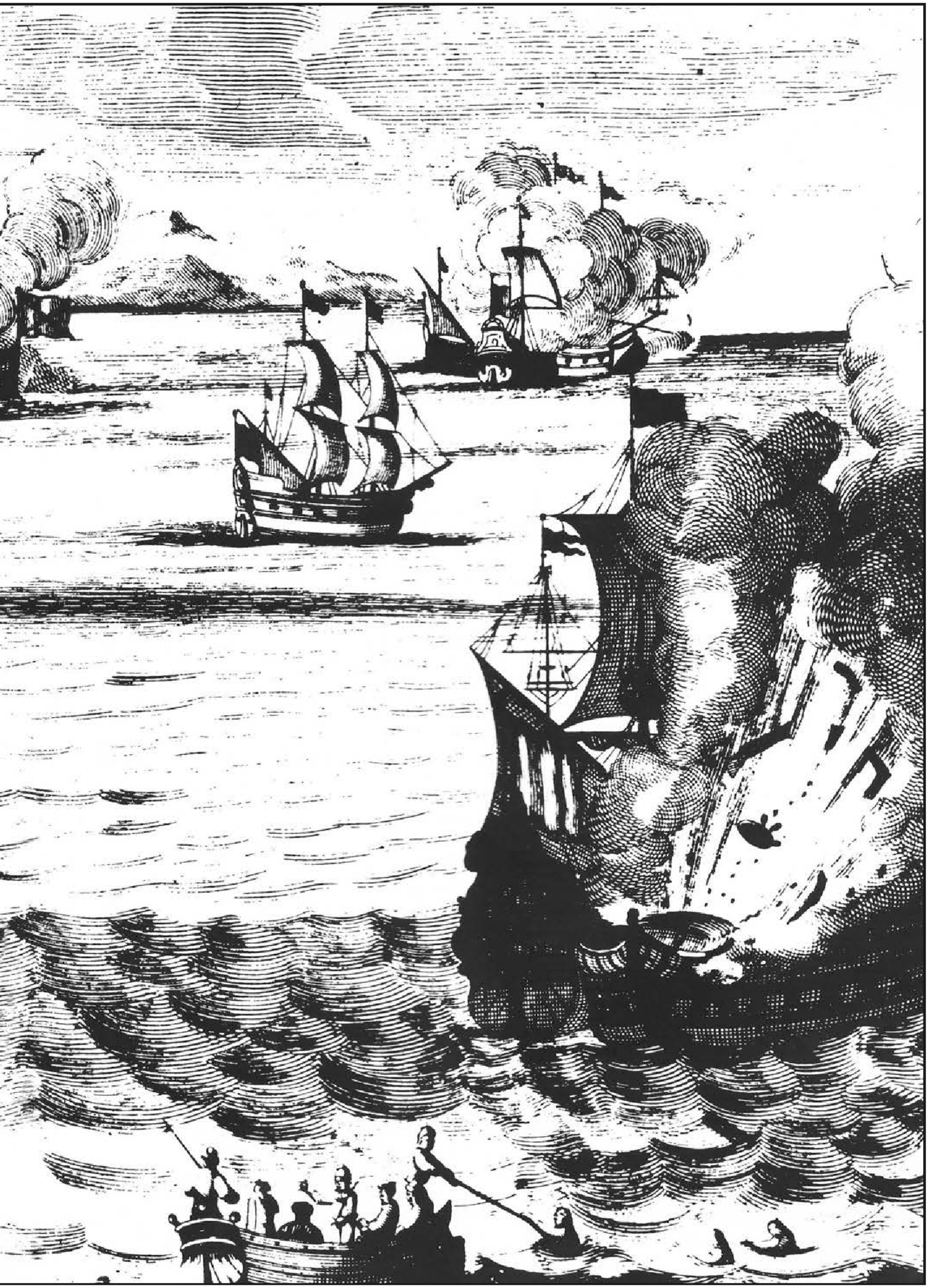
"You got it. There was rich takin's from them galleys and a lot of us sailors reckoned it were an easier life than sweating it in some British naval ship. A damned hard, miserable, brutal life it were beneath decks in the navy, believe me. The food and pay were terrible and the discipline fearful harsh. Them officers would have you flogged for nothin'. The number of my ship-mates I've seen die under the lash . . ." He shook his head regretfully.

"Was life better with the buccaneers?"

"It's luxury in comparison. Y'see we're all partners in a buccaneerin' venture. It's all laid down in Pirate's Articles, legal like. Each man gets a share of the booty accordin' to his rank. The cap'n gets most of course, and then comes the quartermaster — he's in charge on the day-to-day runnin' of the ship and only hands over to the cap'n when we're in battle. After him come the sailin' master — he sets the course and gives sailin' orders — the gunner and others. Us ordinary sailors get the least, but we do all right and it's a fair system.

"What's more, all the officers, includin' the cap'n, are voted by the ship's company. We can all select the man we think best for the job. And the discipline's pretty loose. There ain't much floggin' unless some scummy knave rats on his mates."



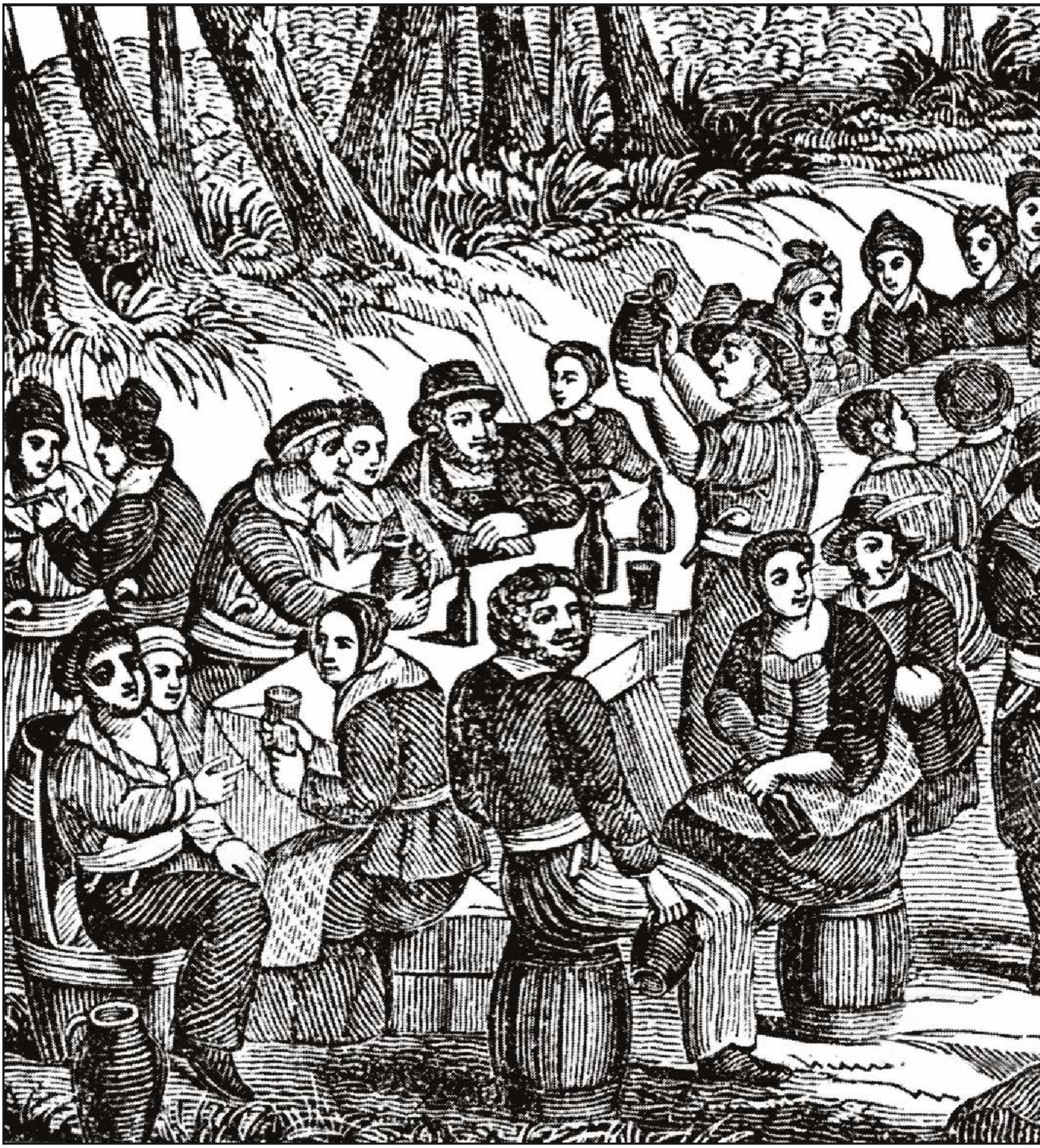


"I've heard a lot about marooning," the Doctor said. "Does that happen?"

"Aye," his new friend replied. "Occasionally. If some sailor gets above himself or don't rub along with his mates. We put him ashore on a lonely island with some supplies, a musket and shot — enough to get him by until a ship passes and picks 'im up. By them we're long gone an' he can't tell 'is rescuers our plans."

"I see. And what about forcing men to walk the plank?"

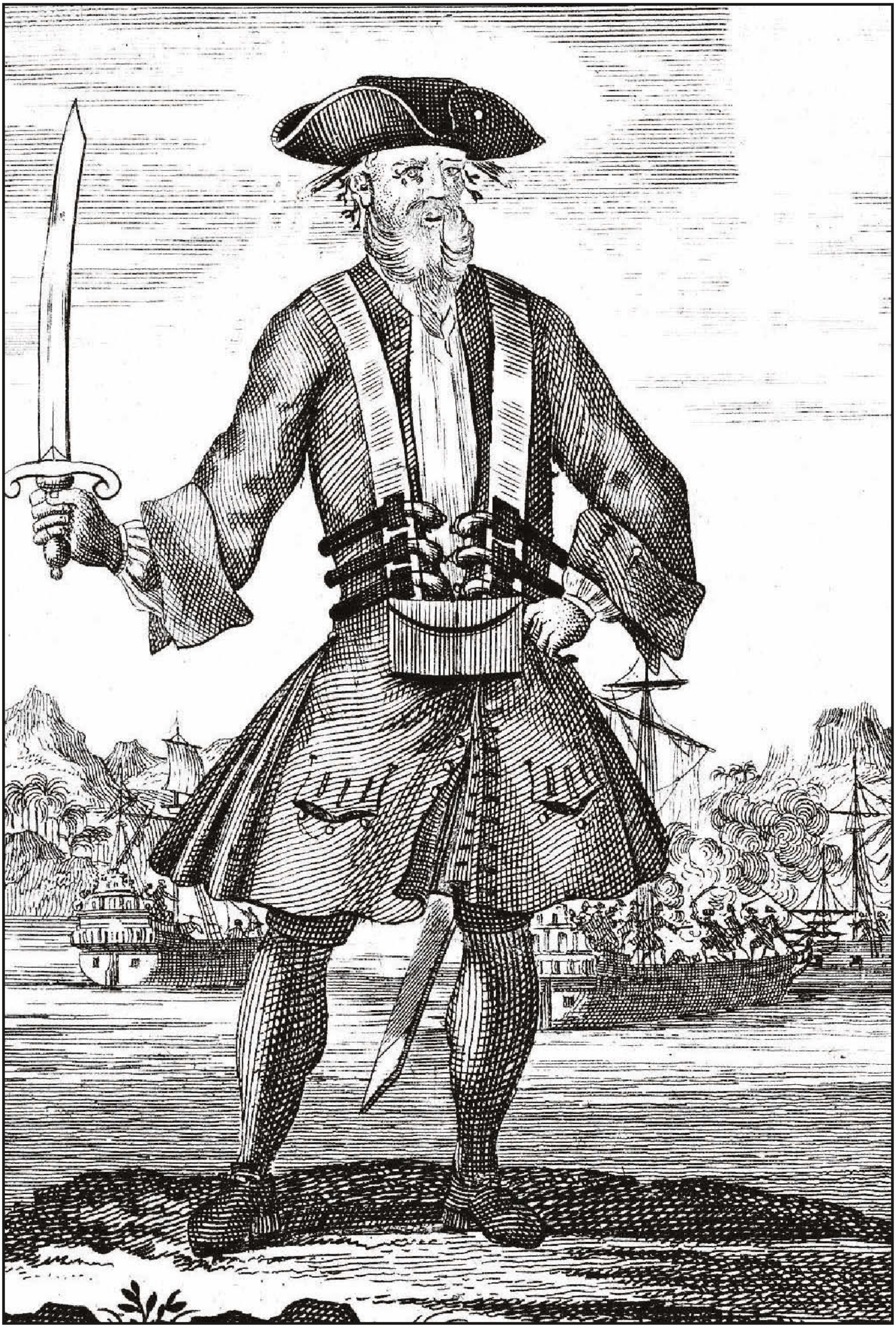
The buccaneer rubbed his stubbly chin. "I've been in the Caribbean a score of years and never known it. That's just sailors' stories. I don't deny it's a hard life



but it ain't brutal for the common sailor. Much better'n the navy and what's more, there's plenty of grog available. Mind you, it all depends on the cap'n. Most are fair, decent men but some are cruel pigs, an' that's fact. Take that Blackbeard, he was a vile, cold-hearted villain an' no mistake."

"Ah yes, Blackbeard," said the Doctor. "I've heard of him. Tell me about the infamous Blackbeard. Surely Blackbeard wasn't his real name?"

"No, no. He was christened Edward Teach — although some do say his right name was Thatch — but he got his nickname because of his long straggly



beard. He 'ad a strange 'abit of plaitin' the long slow-burnin' fuses we use for ignitin' the powder in cannon into his beard. Then he'd light the end of the fuses and leap into a fight. It looked like 'is beard were afire. 'Twere a fearsome sight, especially as he carried two cutlasses and had six pistols holstered in a sash around his chest. He could use 'em all, as well. He were a foul-tempered man and when 'e crashed into a fight he looked like the very Devil 'imself.

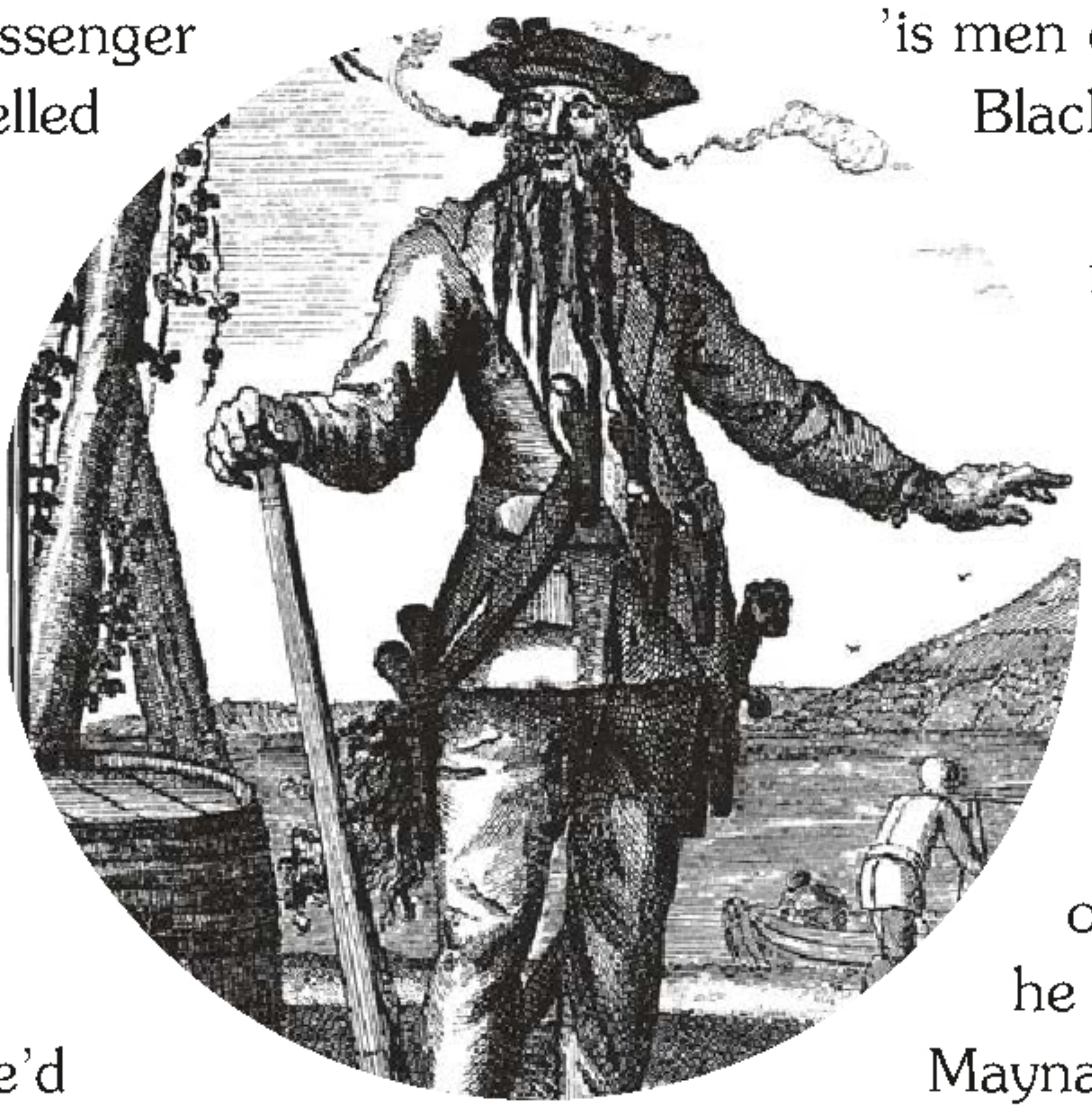
"There were some strange tales about Blackbeard. 'Twere said he 'ad fourteen wives and 'e used to make 'em dance by shooting bullets at their feet. Some said that if a captured lady passenger refused to give 'im a jewelled ring, he'd cut off her 'ole finger.

"'E terrorised the coastline of America for several years until the navy caught up with 'im. It were up north of 'ere, 'round Pamlico Sound in North Carolina. The night before the battle, Blackbeard was so sure 'e'd win that he spent it drinkin' with 'is cronies. 'E were so drunk that 'e pulled out 'is pistols and fired 'em under the table. 'E were a mad dog. Shot the knees off an old shipmate of mine — man named Israel Hands — and lamed 'im for life."

The Doctor looked up at this name. "Goodness, Israel Hands! He's the fellow in Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island."

The buccaneer looked at him oddly again. "It's a book," the Doctor said rapidly. "It was published in 1883. Or rather it **will** be!"

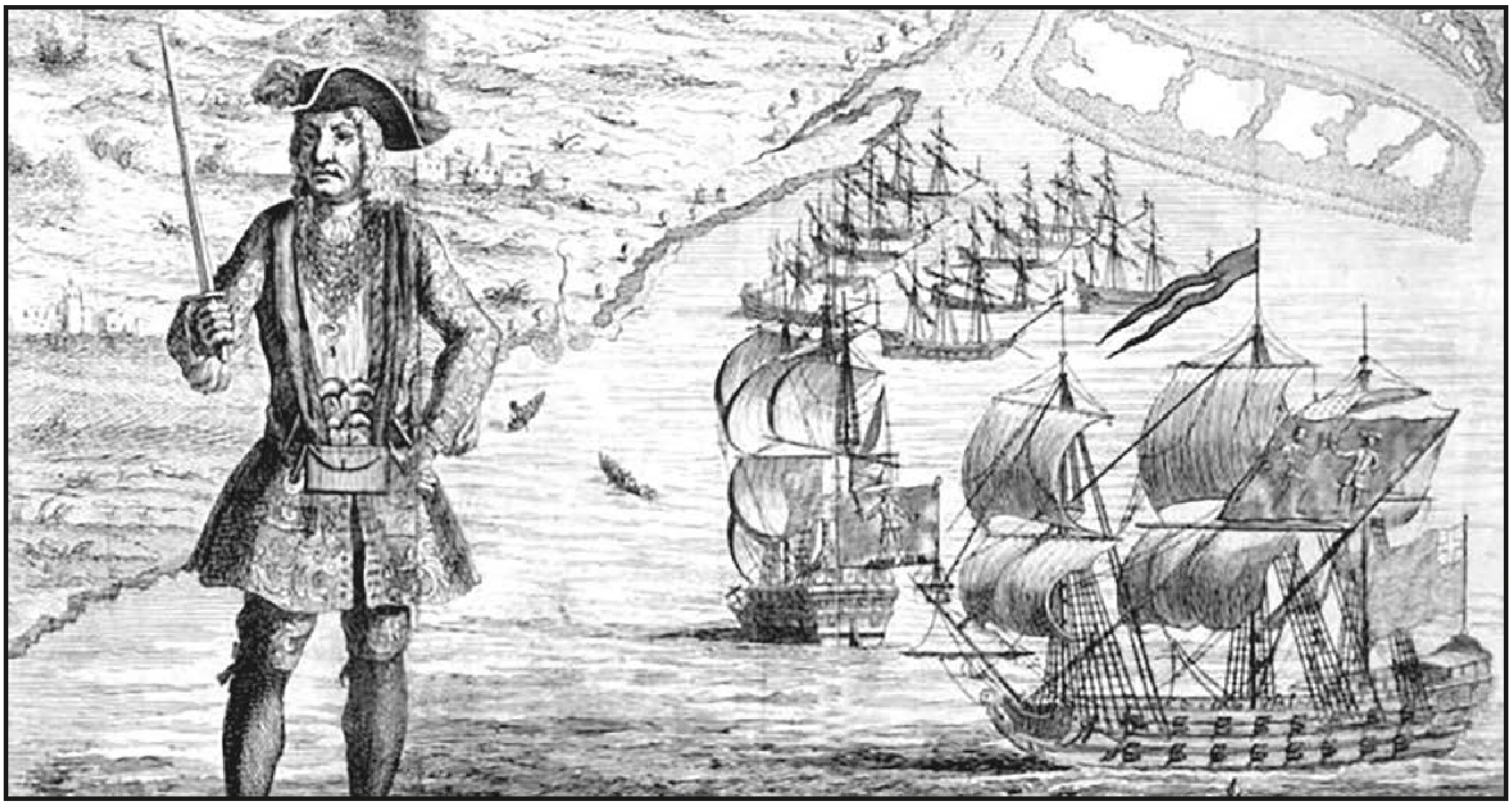
The buccaneer sucked his pipe and said, "You're a strange fellow. I can't say I understand what you're talkin' 'bout 'alf the time. I suppose it's all that learning. Don't 'old with it, meself. Anyway, as I was sayin' . . . at dawn's break two navy sloops moved in to attack and the officer in command — Maynard 'is name was — thought to outwit old Blackbeard. 'E told 'is men to stand down in the 'old, their pistols at the ready. Blackbeard thought they'd all been killed in the action and, seeing an easy prize, leapt aboard with fourteen men. Then Maynard called 'is men out and surprised Blackbeard.



"They say the fightin' was terrible. Bit by bit the buccaneers were killed until only Blackbeard remained alive. 'E fought madly and I 'eard 'e'd taken six bullet wounds and a score of cutlass slashes before he finally fell. Some say Maynard shot 'im, others that he went down with two huge cuts across the neck. Anyway, 'e was dead and Maynard cut that great 'ead off 'is body and nailed it to the bowsprit of 'is sloop."

The two of them fell silent for a moment. Then the buccaneer said, "Aye, 'e was a bad 'un all right. Not many mourned 'is passin'. Violent death comes to a lot of us that sail under the Jolly Roger."

"I meant to ask you about that," said the Doctor. "Is it true about pirates flying the skull and crossbones?"



“True enough. In fact one cap’n — old Black Barty, Bartholomew Roberts were ’is given name — flew a curious one. The Governors of Barbados and Martinique vowed to hunt ’im down and so ’e ’ad a flag made showin’ ’im with a cutlass in ’and standin’ on two skulls. Under one were letters — I’m not a readin’ man but I ’eard they was A.B.H., which them as knows told me stands for A Barbadian’s Head. Under t’other was A.M.H. for A Martiniquian’s Head.”

The Doctor’s companion laughed quietly at this and then said, “You’re obviously a clever sort of man but have you ever heard of Anne Bonny and Mary Read?”

The Doctor pondered. “No,” he said at last. “I don’t believe I have.”

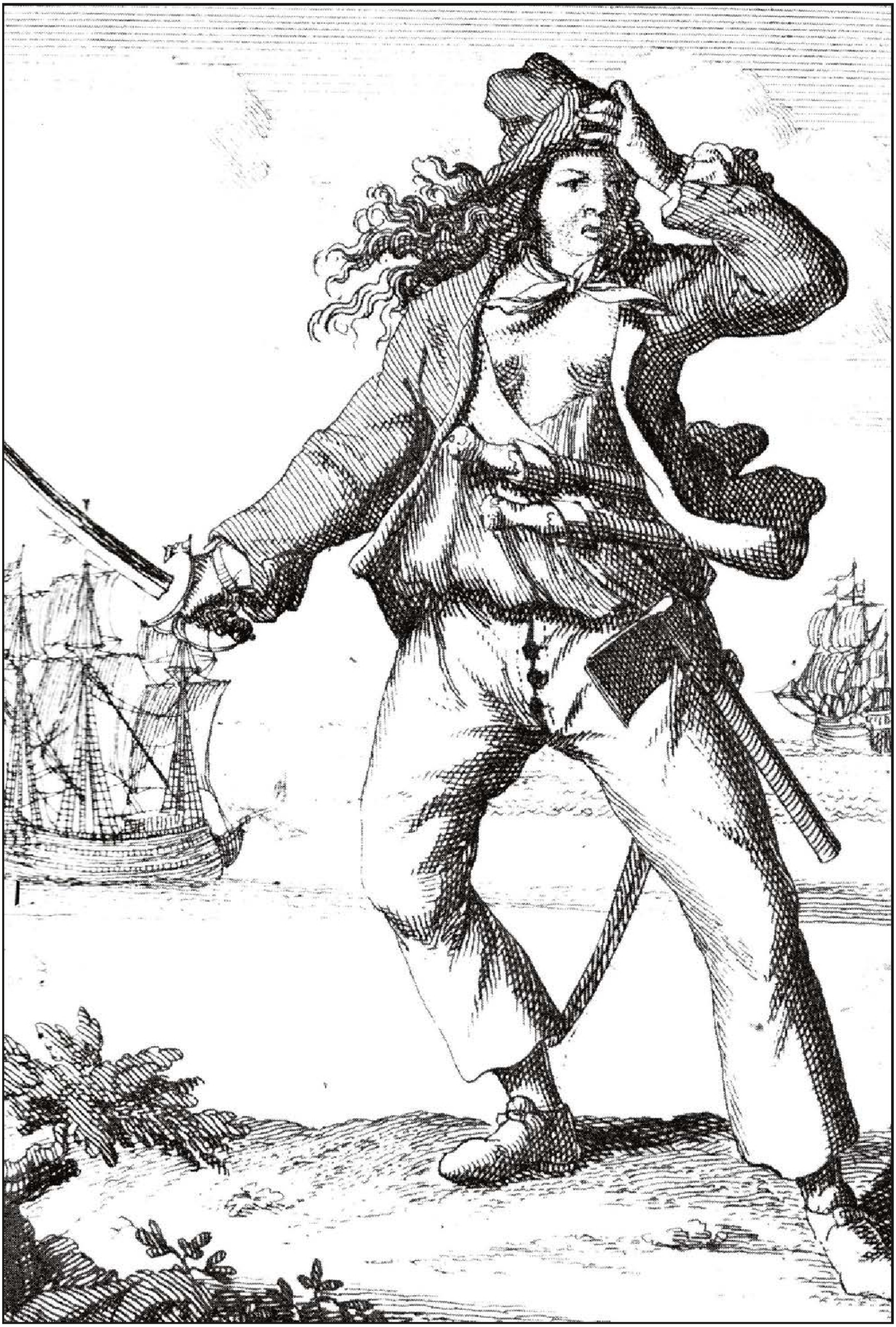
“Aha!” the old seaman cried. “You can’t learn everythin’ out of books! Well, Anne and Mary were pirates, and as good as any man. Young Anne was bonny by name and by nature. When she was about sixteen she fell in love with John Rackham — Calico Jack, we called ’im. ’E were a real dashing lad who fancied ’imself as a pirate, but, truth to tell, he looked the part better’n ’e played it.

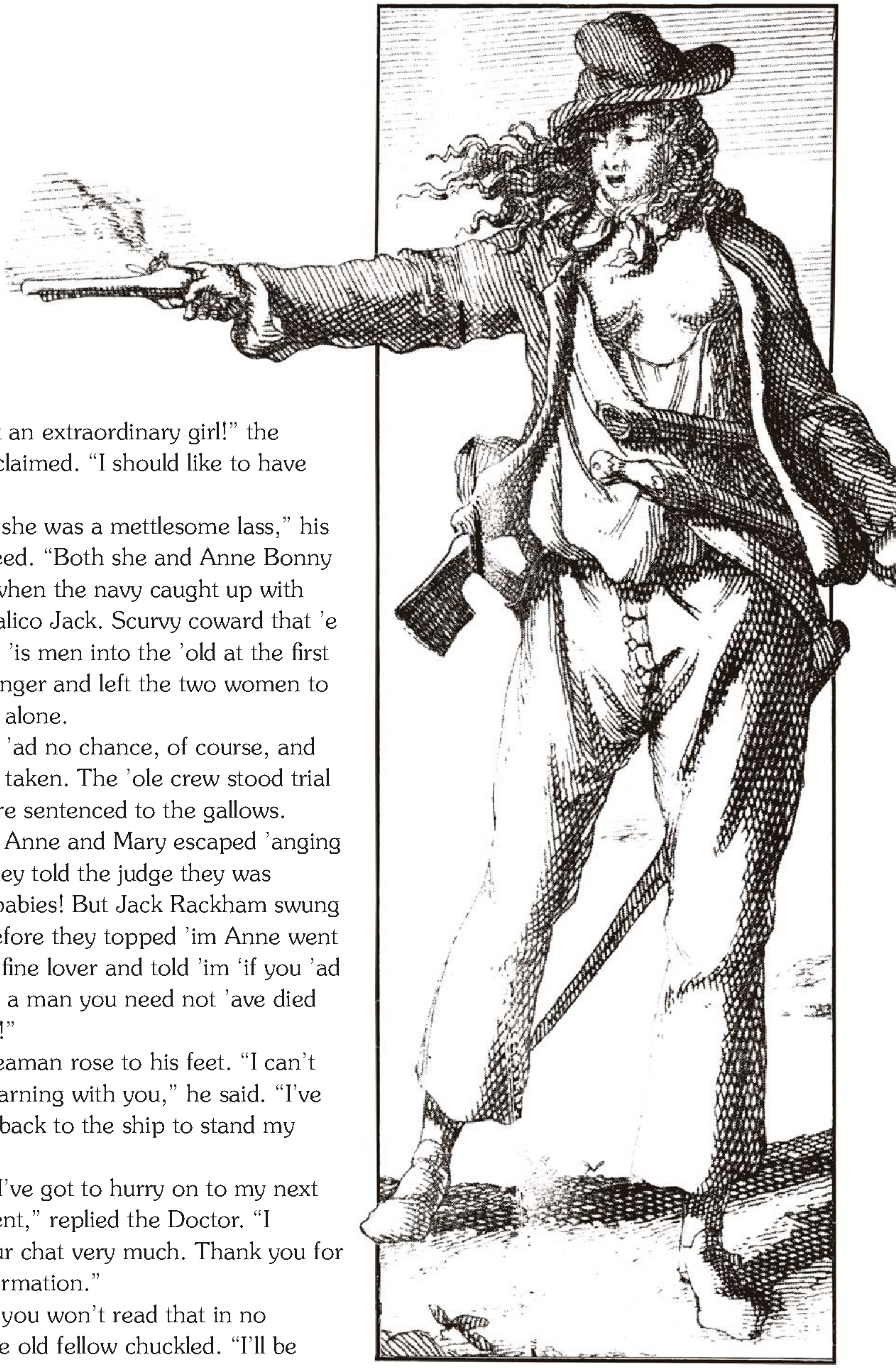
“Well Anne begged Jack to take ’er with ’im on ’is voyages. She took to the life as if born, and even wore men’s clothes so that she could fight without the ’indrance of petticoats and suchlike. On one trip Calico Jack captured a Dutch merchant ship which carried an English sailor. He was a likely lookin’ lad and so Jack pressed ’im into service — just like them damned navy press-gangs on shore. The lad’s name was Mark Read and soon Anne fell in love with ’im. Well, you can imagine ’er surprise when ‘Mark’ turned out to be Mary! Yes, Calico Jack had two women aboard.

“It ’pears this Mary Read ’ad ’ad a real odd life. She’d joined the navy as a slip of a girl by disguising ’erself as a boy. But she ’adn’t taken to the life, and ’o’s to blame ’er? She jumped ship in Flanders and joined the army! Did right well ’an all. She was good as any man with musket, pistol or sword and served gallantly. Then she fell for a corporal and ’ad to tell ’er secret. They discharged ’er from the service and she set up a little inn with ’er ’usband til ’e died.

“She found life too quiet and so signed on this Dutch ship which is ’ow she came to be taken by Calico Jack. She became a good pirate, too. ’Owever, she fell in love with a sailor called Tom Deane ’o was a peaceable sort of lad but much picked-on by some bully-boy in the crew. This man gave Tom such a ’ard time that he was finally forced to call ’im out for a duel.

“Mary ’eard of this and worried because she knew ’er Tom, who was no great ’and with weapons, would surely be killed. So she goes up to his tormentor and picks a fight with ’im. She demands immediate satisfaction, so they duel with pistols but each miss their mark. Then they take up their cutlasses and ’ave a fine old set-to. Eventually, Mary, being the better swordsman — or should I say swordswoman — wins and kills ’er opponent. She certainly saved young Tom’s life.”





“What an extraordinary girl!” the Doctor exclaimed. “I should like to have met her.”

“Aye, she was a mettlesome lass,” his friend agreed. “Both she and Anne Bonny proved it when the navy caught up with dashing Calico Jack. Scurvy coward that ’e was, ’e led ’is men into the ’old at the first sight of danger and left the two women to fight it out alone.

“They ’ad no chance, of course, and were soon taken. The ’ole crew stood trial and all were sentenced to the gallows. Well, both Anne and Mary escaped ’anging because they told the judge they was expectin’ babies! But Jack Rackham swung and just before they topped ’im Anne went to see her fine lover and told ’im ‘if you ’ad fought like a man you need not ’ave died like a dog’!”

The seaman rose to his feet. “I can’t stay ’ere yarning with you,” he said. “I’ve got to get back to the ship to stand my watch.”

“And I’ve got to hurry on to my next appointment,” replied the Doctor. “I enjoyed our chat very much. Thank you for all the information.”

“Aye, you won’t read that in no books,” the old fellow chuckled. “I’ll be

seeing you again," he shouted as he bustled along the quay.

"I doubt it," murmured the Doctor and he turned back towards the Tardis.

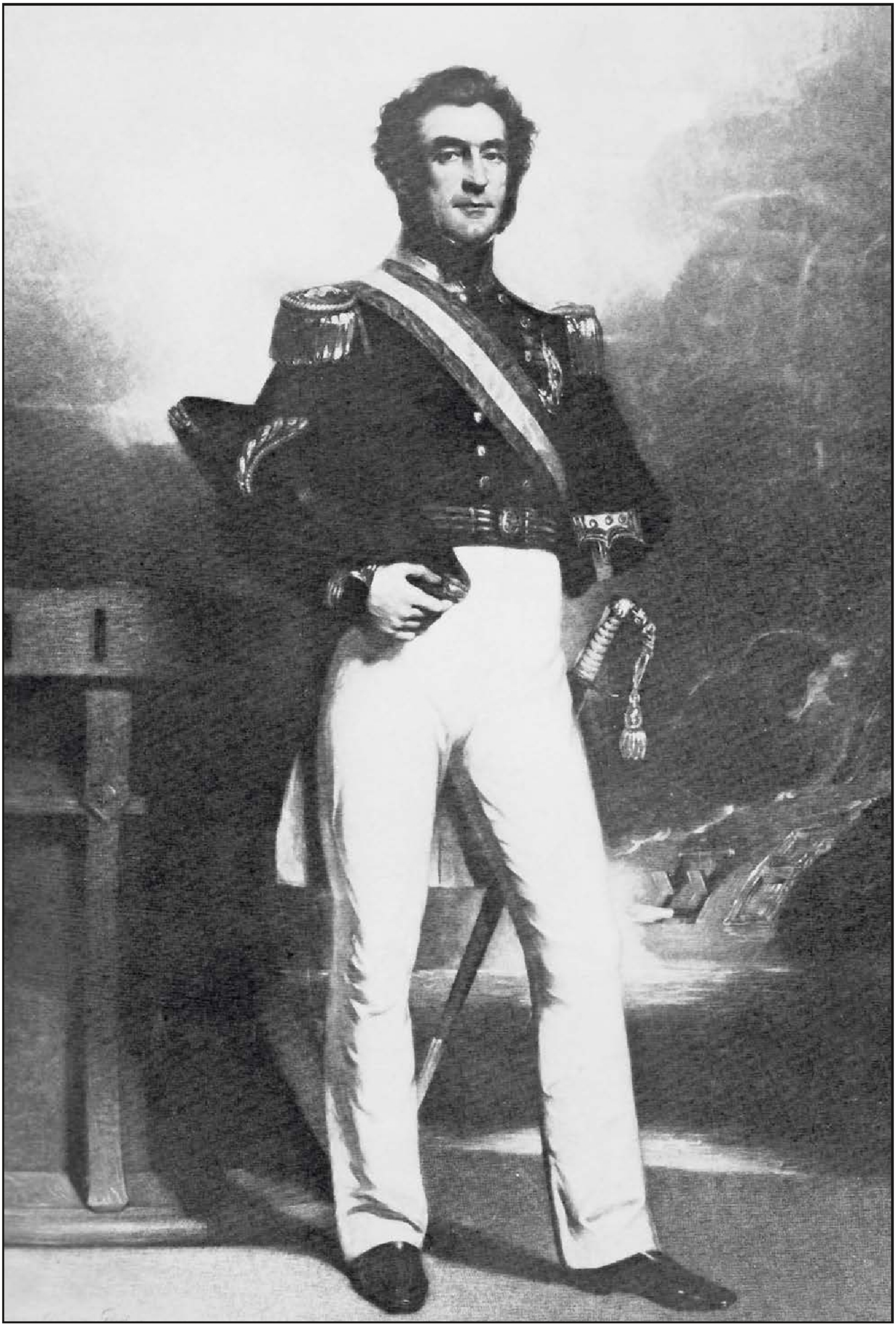
When he reached it he consulted the computer again. "What I want," he thought, "is something a bit more up-to-date. I know that most of the pirates had been swept from the seas by the beginning of the 19th century but I wonder if any still flourished anywhere in the world."

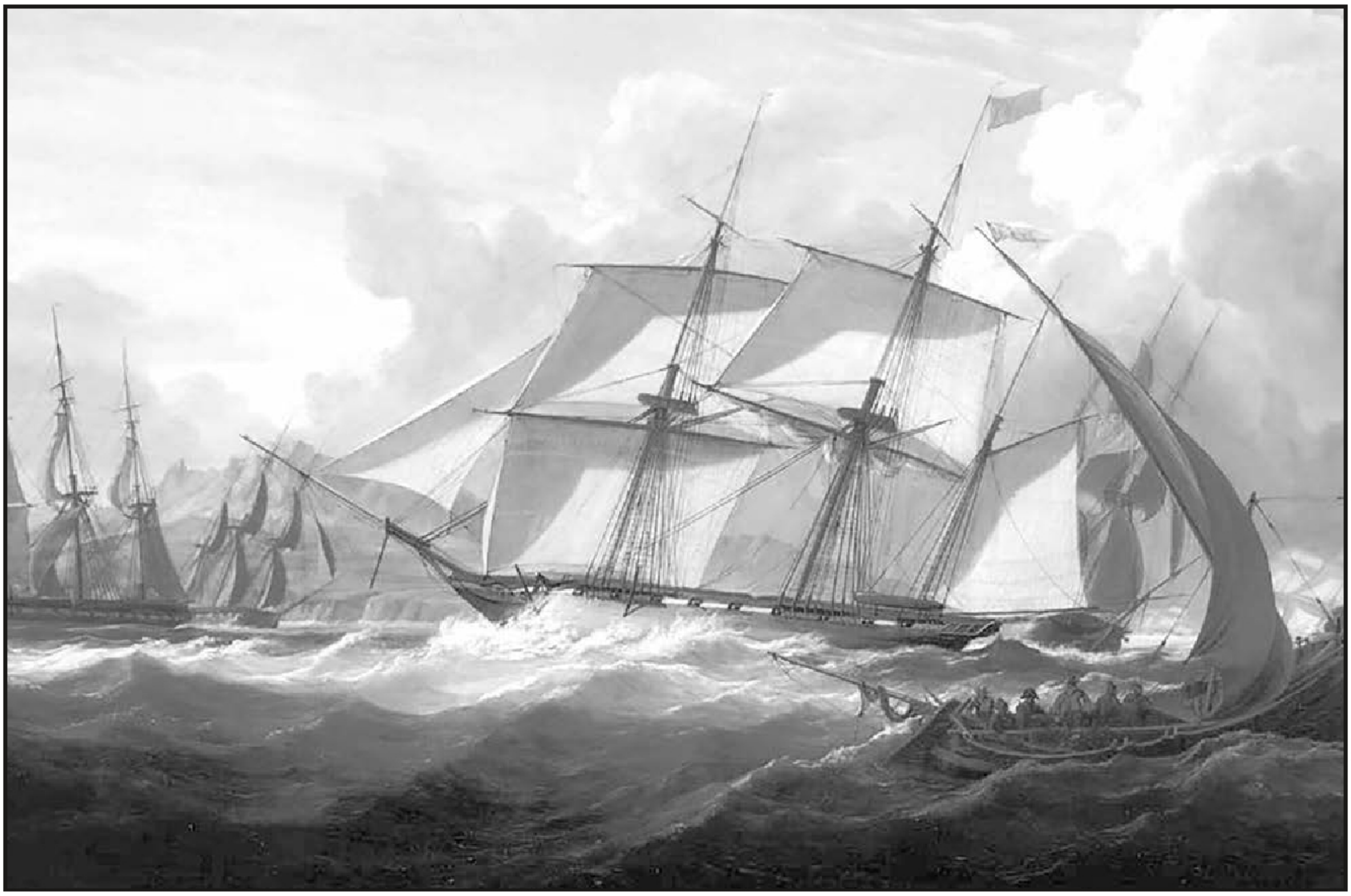
The computer chattered and issued its print-out. "Pirates still operating in China Sea after Second World War . . . approximately fifty ships suffered piratical attack in waters between Shanghai and

Hong Kong between 1922 and '27. . ."

"Hmm. The China Seas. Yes, they were always a stronghold of Chinese pirates and I seem to recall that the British navy tried vigorously to suppress their activities. Wasn't there some chap called . . . let me see . . . Shap-something-or-other. That's it! Shap-ng-Tsai! He was a real brigand. He had a huge fleet of pirate junks and once seized over forty vessels in one go. The British really set on his trail after his henchman Chui Ah Poo had killed two of their officers. A man called Hay — he was a naval commander, I think — boxed a squadron of Shap's junks into a cove . . . That might be worth a look. I wonder if I can zero the Tardis in to the right time warp?"

The Doctor set his controls and waited anxiously as the dials span and the time machine rocked. When the Tardis came to rest Doctor Who switched on his remote view-scan and settled back to watch the action through the monitors. He felt that in any battle discretion was the better part of valour and preferred to remain away from the scene of the fighting.





The screens flickered and focused on a bay. He could see a large junk that was cornered by a naval vessel — H.M.S. **Columbine** — under sail. "The junk is obviously the main pirate vessel," he thought. "Hello, what's happening on the warship? Oh, I see, they're launching two small boats full of marines. Obviously the water here is too shallow for the **Columbine** to proceed."

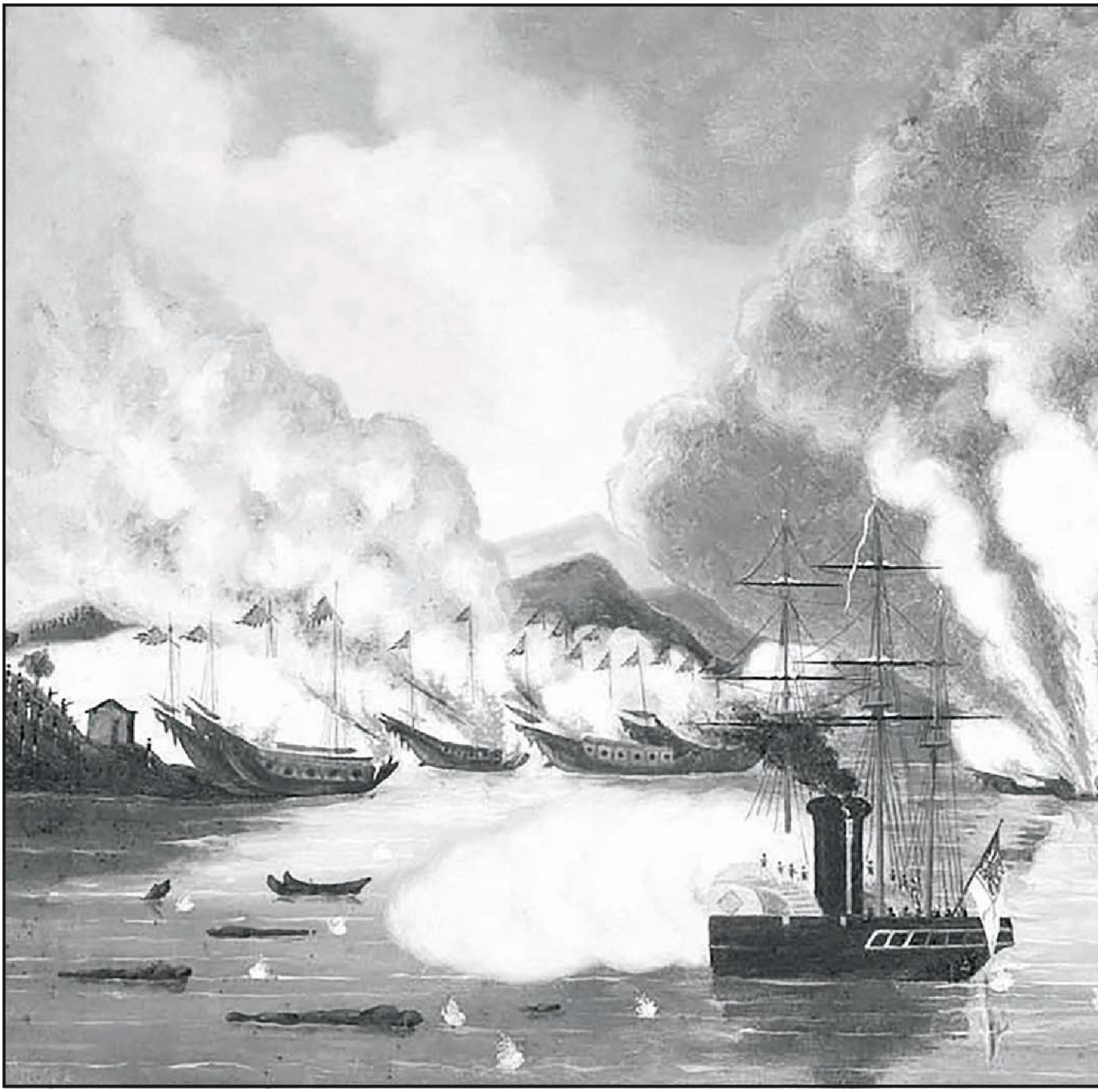
He watched the two oar-driven boats approach the junk, the marines returning the fierce fire that came from the pirates. The marines had the upper hand, and as they drew close, the surviving pirates — seeing all was lost — deserted the ship. They jumped overboard and swam for the shore. The marines boarded their prize to find the deck littered with dead and wounded.

"Well," said the Doctor. "That seems to be that. Wait a moment though! What's going on?"

As he said it, one of the wounded pirates got to his feet and, holding a blazing torch in his hand, jumped into the hold. "Good Heavens!" the Doctor exclaimed. "I do believe he's making for the gunpowder store! The man must be suicidal!"

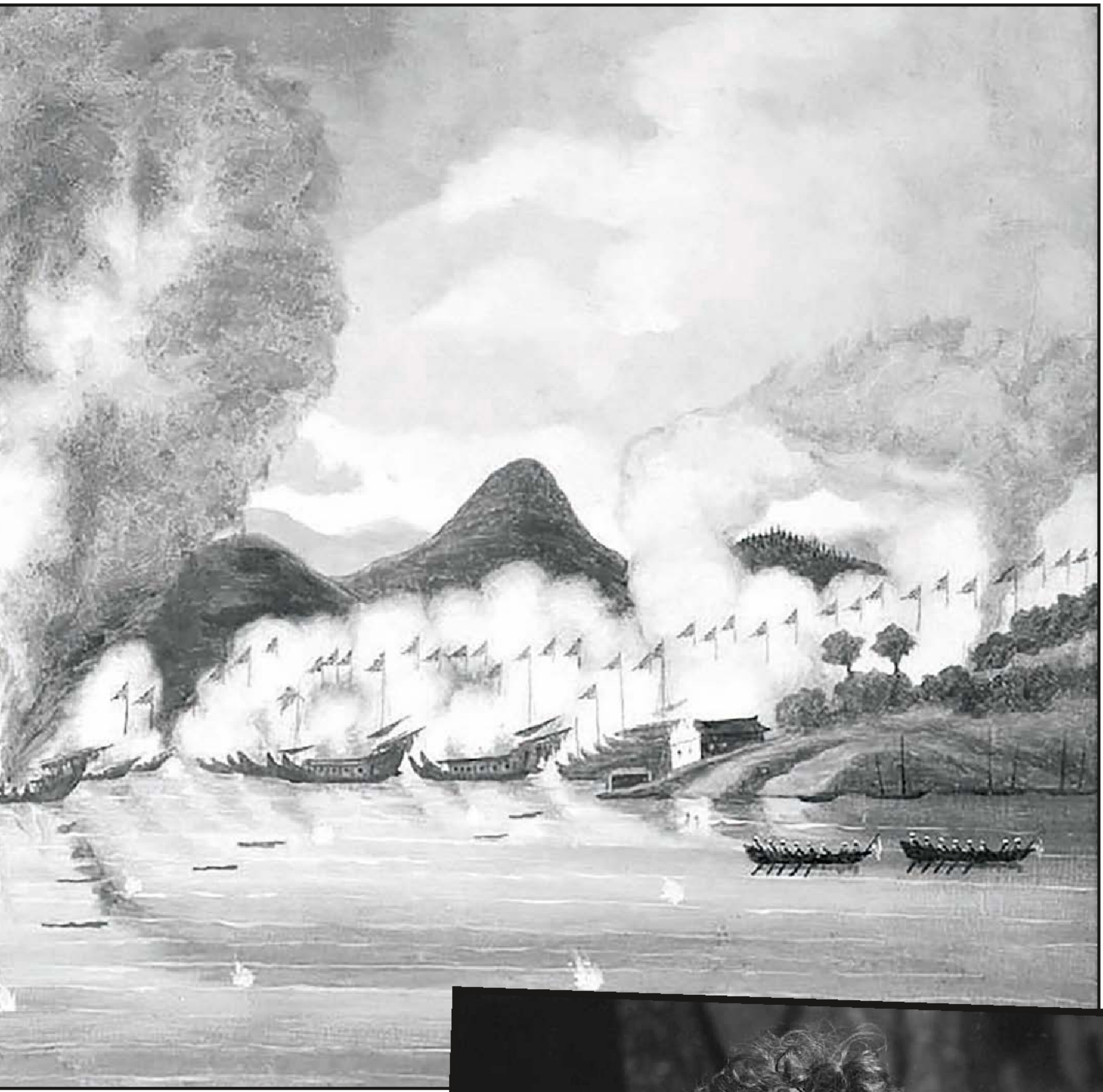
Doctor Who could only look on, horrified, as a massive explosion tore the junk apart, blowing marines and pirates into the water and killing several of the boarding party. The Doctor was shocked by the suddenness and violence of the explosion, and concluded that one of the reasons the Chinese pirates gained such a terrible reputation for cruelty and brutality was that they held their own lives in such little esteem.

"I'm sure after that incident Commander Hay will be even more determined to catch up with Shap's main fleet," he said. He turned off the monitors and returned to the computer.

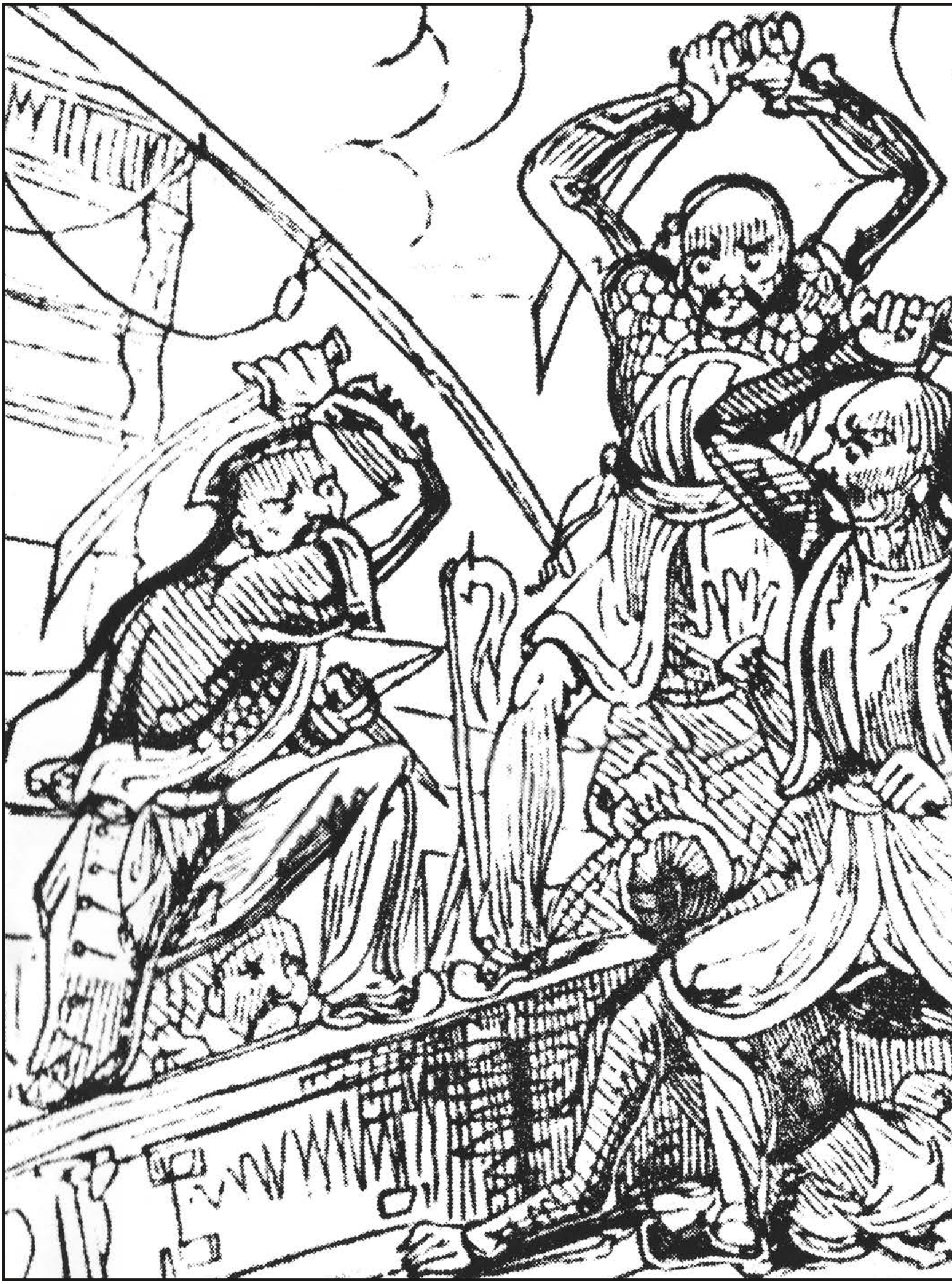


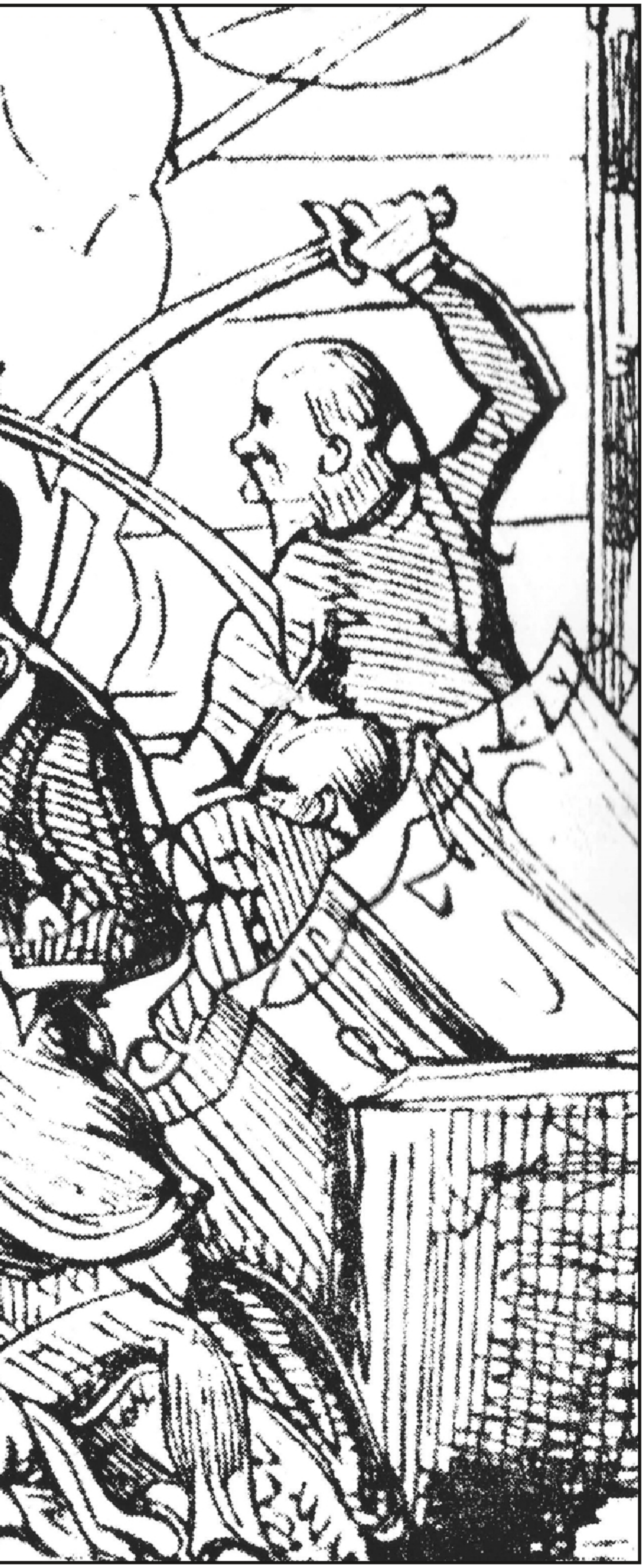
He punched in more instructions, hoping to find out what happened next. The answer soon clacked out. “Hay sent for reinforcements . . . Learned from surviving pirate that Shap’s fleet was anchored in Bias Bay . . . Set out in pursuit and en route met twenty-six of his junks . . . After day-long battle, navy won upper hand despite facing overwhelming odds . . . Destroyed majority of junks and storehouses on shore . . . Chui reported as seriously wounded but Shap not in Bias Bay . . . Hay followed in long chase until reaching Gulf of Tonkin (Vietnam) . . . Eventually found Shap’s force of ships hidden in bay . . .”

“Now **that** sounds like it is shaping up to be quite a tussle,” the Doctor thought. “Let’s try to get in on it. Come on Tardis, do your job,” The machine responded by jumping forward a short space in time and Doctor Who switched the monitors



on again. The scene before him showed huge junks lined up in battle order, facing a small force of naval ships. "It doesn't look like Hay's men have got a chance. Shap must have two hundred and fifty guns trained on the navy. Unless Hay's very daring or very lucky, the pirate **must** win the day."





He watched spellbound as Hay's small fleet pressed forward and the exchange of fire began. In addition to cannon, Hay also employed rockets which he released at the enemy. To the Doctor's amazement one arched out from a navy vessel and, almost miraculously, scored a direct hit. The rocket fell among the ammunition store and blew the whole lot up. "How very ironical," the Doctor muttered. "Hay's men were killed by exploding ammunition and now Shap's are suffering the same fate!"

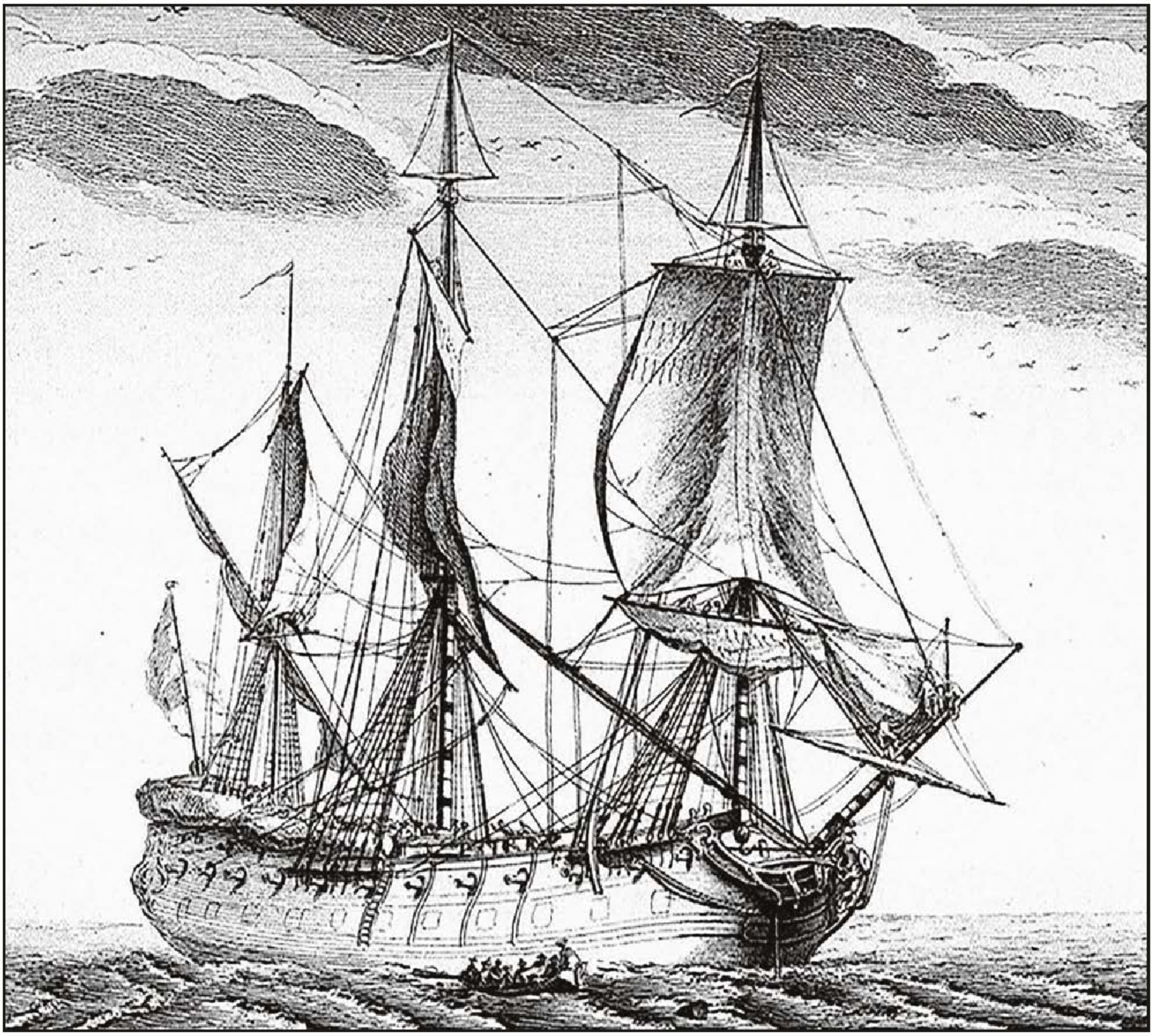
But the action wasn't over. Pieces of debris and live ammunition rained down on the next ship in line and that, too, blew up. It set off a chain reaction with ship after ship being ripped apart. "Well, Hay seems to have some extraordinary luck going for him," said the Doctor. "Shap's best defence is broken and now all the navy has to do is mop up the rest of his fleet. As I recall the operation lasted three days and the British destroyed some fifty-eight junks. It's astonishing to think that so small a fleet could overcome an adversary with three thousand men and one thousand two hundred guns.

"Of course, that great victory did not stamp out piracy in the China Seas entirely, but it did signal the end of the huge pirate fleets. The pirates' last foothold was in the East and by the Second World War the days of these sea-robbers were finished. Their life seems romantically glamourous today, but fascinating though they were, it should be remembered that pirates, corsairs and buccaneers were nothing more than sea-going criminals and the oceans were well-rid of their scourge."

Although the Doctor would have been the last to admit it he had rather enjoyed his encounters with the pirates and being a witness to the spectacular battle of the China seas.

There was something — well, appealing — about these old-time buccaneers. "But what they did was quite wrong, quite wrong," said the Doctor sternly.

"Perhaps on my next voyage I will meet more law-abiding characters than that! See you all soon, goodbye . . ."



The clash of cutlasses, the roar of cannon and the shouts of pirates as they swarm over the hapless ships that have become their prey. . . Everyone knows about pirates, but what were these buccaneers really like? In "Dr. Who Discovers Pirates" the Doctor traces their unlawful history from Roman times to the China seas of not more than a hundred years ago, finding out about such infamous characters as Captain Kidd and Blackbeard as the Tardis takes him through the centuries.

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DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS

PIRATES